McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 26 1911 | NO. 4

FIREMEN'S BANQUET AND BALL BIG SUCCESS.

Smethport Fire Department Holds Big Social Event.

ATTENDED BY TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE

Sixth Annual Banquet and Ball Held at the Lyceum Tuesday Evening—Ex-Chief Hopper Presented With Gold Medal—Good Speaking and Music—Delicious Feast.

The sixth annual banquet and ball of the Smethport Fire Department was held at the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening and was attended by 200 people, including the members of the department, the burgess and members of the council, together with their ladies.

Samuel E. Bell, Vice-President of the Smethport Fire Department and Toastmaster at the Banquet.

Upon entering the auditorium the first thing that came to the notice of the average person was the beautiful decorations, which gave the place a tone that was pleasing to the eye. The decorations were furnished by an Olean decorator and their artistic arrangement was due to the committee which was composed of John Stark, Leo Digel and Creighton Burlingame. Upon entering the hall the guests were met and made welcome by members of the reception committee which were composed of Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Purtle, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary, Miss Leona Hogarth and Mr. Fred Burlingame.

The large crowd assembled quickly and shortly before eight o'clock the word was given for them to gather around the festive board. The tables were beautifully arranged and decorated with white, pink and red carnations, violets and smilax—a carnation and violets being placed at each plate. The repast consisted of Chowlcal (oyster) cocktails, Hand Grenades and Spanners (olives and pickles), Our Fire Alarm "Cock-a-Doodle-Do" (fried chicken), Fuel for the Steamer (creamed potatoes), Spray Nozzles (green peas), Parade cart (fruit) Salad, Patches for Punctured Hose (sandwiches), Hose cake, At the Fire Ice Cream, Acqua Pura, Oil for Engine (coffee), Smoke Protectors, a la Key West and Torches. This part of the work was under the direction of Chef Tony Gillis of Bradford and with the assistance of the sixteen young ladies who waited on the tables, was handled in a most excellent manner.

At the conclusion of this most delicious meal Toastmaster Samuel E. Bell, who acted in place of Ralph E. Burdick, who was incapacitated on account of a severe cold, arose and after a few remarks pertinent to the subject, called upon Guy H. McCoy to respond to the toast of "Our Guests." However, owing to a sudden change in condition this response was made by Assistant Chief Dr. J. V. McAlpin, who readily made our guests and the whole assemblage feel at ease. The toast, "Our Firemen," was allotted to V. B. Bouton, Esq., who handled his subject in a most able manner and paid some glowing and richly deserved compliments to our volunteer firemen. "The Department Since 1881," was assigned to Orlo J. Hamlin, but he was unable to attend the response was made by Guy H. McCoy, who gave much interesting data regarding the department which he intermingled with a couple of clever stories. The presentation of the medal to the retiring chief was allotted to Sheridan Gorton, Sr., who is a prime favorite after-dinner speaker with assemblages in this vicinity and his remarks held the rapt attention of all present. The retiring chief, Webb B. Hopper, responded by thanking the department for the honor bestowed upon him and swept lifelong glances to the Smethport Fire Department both for himself and his wreckold son. "Equipment" was assigned to Harry L. Hickis, who spoke of the equipment the department has and what he thought it needed. Each speaker was greeted with hearty applause and we think their listeners were well pleased in as much as all the speeches in general, and the last in particular, were short.

The tables and chairs were quickly removed and the floor cleared for dancing and Chadwick's orchestra, which had furnished excellent music during the banquet, inspired all present to trip the light fantastic, and the dance was not by any means the least enjoyable part of this pleasant gathering.

In conclusion we wish to say that the sixth annual banquet and ball of the Smethport Fire Department was the best ever, and too much praise cannot be given the committee which is composed of Samuel E. Bell, Dr. J. V. McAlpin, George Brennan, A. E. Hamilton and C. W. Stark.

LOST.

A ladies' extra small sized gold watch, open face case, Swiss movement, with a silk ribbon fob attached bearing locket charm. The initials L. L. S. were engraved on the locket. Watch was lost on Main street between the court house and the Penn. R. R. depot, or else on the Merry Widow track between the East Smethport bridge and the Wright House. Finder will be liberally rewarded upon returning to this office.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

OIL GUSHER STRUCK ON THE FAY FARM.

Well is Located on the Michael Fay Farm Three Miles East of Here.

MAY OPEN UP A NEW FIELD.

Well Drilled in Tuesday by Standard Oil Company Is Said to be Good for at Least Six Barrels Per Day—Twenty-Two Feet of Good Bradford Sand.

Again there is considerable oil excitement in this vicinity and the cause of this oil fever is a new well drilled in by the Standard Oil Company about three miles east of this borough, which is said to be good for at least six barrels per day after it has been shot. The showing of oil which is creating the activity in oil circles is found in the Bradford sand and we have been reliably informed that it is 22 feet deep and a good open sand.

This well is located on the Michael Fay farm, under the lease of Bush 1121 and was drilled in on Tuesday. The well will be drilled a little deeper and then shot in this sand when it is expected that a well of the above production will be established.

It is said the oil in this well is found in the same sand as the excellent producers of the Sisselle Oil Company on the county farm and the theory seems to be that it is a continuation of that oil belt which has proved to be very narrow. This theory is further backed up by the fact that several wells have profitably been drilled in the vicinity of this one and considerable oil has been found in paying quantities.

If the line of this belt, even though it is narrow, can be definitely established there is every reason to believe that quite an extensive field may be opened in the near future.

Additional the showing of oil the well shows a gas pressure of over 100 pounds per day.

$15,000 FIRE AT ROULETTE.

Several Business Places Destroyed Last Wednesday Night.

The Port Allegany Reporter-Argus says: On Wednesday night Roulette suffered another of the disastrous fires that have been devasting it during the past few years. As a result of this fire its largest business block was totally destroyed, including the Ford & Patchen dry goods store, in which the fire originated, the Cool drug store, barber shop, post office, the Card & Barr hardware store, Dr. Conwell's dental parlors, the Bell telephone office and the building next to the post office, used for lodge rooms and meeting places.

The fire was discovered at about 11:30 o'clock by Dr. Conwell who was in the telephone office at the time. He smelled smoke and going down stairs to investigate, found that the Ford & Patchen dry goods and clothing store was a mass of flames. It is supposed that the fire caught from the stove, as Mr. Patchen had but a short time previous to the discovery of the fire, closed the store and gone home. The Ford and Patchen store, Cool's drug store and other stores were a complete loss, including the contents, with the exception of the Card & Barr hardware store, from which most of the contents were saved, though the building was destroyed. This building was located behind Ford & Patchen's, with an alley between, so that it did not get afire as soon as the other buildings, and time was given to get out the stock. All the buildings destroyed were of wood, except the Ford & Patchen store, which was of brick. The fire raged all Wednesday night and was still burning on Thursday morning. The loss is very heavy as several of the stores burned carried large stocks. It is stated that the loss is well covered by insurance.

Roulette has had numerous big fires during the past few years, and has suffered heavily. Recently a fire engine was purchased for the use of the town, but when the present fire was discovered it had gained such headway that it was impossible to extinguish it. It will mean a severe loss to Roulette as the buildings burned were among the best business houses in town. It is probable that a number of them, at least, will be rebuilt.

Subscribe for The Miner.

KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

John A. Paulson Killed and Frank Shriver Injured Near Mt. Jewett.

John August Paulson was instantly killed by an explosion of a number of gas lines at Halsey Station at 10:50 a. m. Thursday, Jan. 19th, and Frank Shriver, a foreman in the Halsey gas field, was also injured. The circumstances which resulted in the death of Paulson are as follows:

Paulson, who was employed as a field man, had just left the station on his way to blow a number of drips on the line, when he met Shriver at work on a drip about 300 feet from the station. On the day previous Paulson had tightened a clamp on the line at this point, and as he came along remarked to Shriver, that it was still allowing a trifle of gas to escape. With a view to stopping the leak he again applied his wrench, when the clamp gave way under the pressure of the gas. The shock of the exploding line caused some seven or eight other lines, all eight inches in diameter, laying side by side, to let go with terrific force which caught Paulson throwing him about 30 feet, and killing him instantly. Shriver, who was standing close by, escaped the full force of the explosion, but sustained a shock which dazed him for the remainder of the day, and left him with a number of severe bruises.

Paulson had been employed at Halsey for several years, and was a good workman.

He was a native of Sweden, having been born in that country Oct. 11th, 1882 in 1870 he came to this country with his parents, and has since resided in this locality where he has been classed as a good citizen.

He is survived by his wife and seven children, ranging in age from four to fifteen years.

The funeral will be held Sunday; services at the home at 9 a. m. and at Mt. Nebo church at 10:30 a.m. at the conclusion of which the remains will be laid to rest in Mt. Nebo cemetery. Rev. [illegible] Macdonald.

DEATH OF MRS. FOLGER.

Mother of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin Passes Away Suddenly Monday Morning.

The sad news was received here Monday morning of the sudden death of Mrs. Vanderveer Folger, wife of Vanderveer Folger, Esq., and mother of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin of this place, which occurred at the home on South Main street, Geneva, N. Y., early Monday morning, Jan. 23, 1911.

Mrs. Folger had been in good health up to Sunday when she suffered an attack of acute indigestion. A physician was called and prescribed for her, giving relief, and her case was not considered at all serious, but she was later taken with the trouble again and she passed away before medical assistance reached her bedside. The cause of death was valvular heart trouble superinduced by indigestion.

Mrs. Folger was born in Peekskill, N. Y., of an old and prominent family. She was a distant relative of United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew. After her marriage she went to Geneva, where she has since made her home. Mrs. Folger has visited her daughter in Smethport several times. In the past few years and during such visits has made many close and dear friends who will unite with her bereaved family in mourning the sudden demise of a kind and loving mother and a true friend.

Mrs. Folger is survived by three sons, Charles J. Folger and Thomas W. Folger of Geneva, and Paul Folger of the law firm of Beach, Harris, Havens & Harris of Rochester, and two daughtes, Mrs. Mirabel Depew Hamlin of this place and Mrs. Ethel Louise Wells of Cleveland, Ohio.

The funeral services were held in Geneva yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock and her remains were laid at rest beside those of her husband in the Geneva cemetery.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the ending Jan. 21, 1911:

Abbett, Gust.
Burdick, Miss Lois
Swanson, Albin
Fraopce, Miss Ethel.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Advertise in The Miner.

HAZELHURST GLASS FACTORY BURNED DOWN.

Consolidated Window Glass Plant Destroyed Wednesday Morning.

TANK HOUSE ENTIRELY CONSUMED.

The Warehouse, Flattening and Cutting Room, Box Shop, Batch Room and Boiler House Saved—One Man Slighlty Burned—Will Probably Rebuild.

Yesterday morning about one o'clock fire was discovered in the tank house of the Consolidated Window Glass plant No. 1, at Hazelhurst, and within an hour the large thirty-six blower tank was nothing but a mass of ruins.

The fire started in a little room in one corner of the tank house and had got such a start before it was discovered that it was beyond control and any of the men working in this building did not even have time to save their tools and extra clothes.

A. Mott, the master blower, was quite painfully burned while attempting to save property. However, his injuries are not considered serious.

The local fire department was called out and by gallant work managed to save much of the property of this plant. The ware house, which contained much finished stock, the flattening and cutting room, the box shops, batch room and boiler house were finally saved by the strenuous efforts of the fire fighters.

The loss is estimated at about $70,000 on which there is about $25,000 insurance. Manager Mack Healy was returning from Pittsburg at the time of the fire but reached there yesterday. It is understood that the plant will be rebuilt.

[illegible] The plant was running to its full capacity and over 200 men were employed by the [illegible]

GEO. W. MITCHELL BREAKS LEG.

He Fell Off a Sidewalk on King Street Last Night.

[illegible] Mitchell fell off the sidewalk on the south side of King street between the residence of [illegible] Smethport Water Works plant, and the home of F. A. McCoy, breaking one of the bones in his left leg about midway between the ankle and knee, last evening about seven o'clock.

Mr. Mitchell and Sheriff Morrison had come out of the latter's house and started down town when Mr. Mitchell remarked that the light near the M. E. church lighted up the walk very well. Almost at the same time he stepped off the walk with his right foot and fell over the embankment which is between three and four feet high at this point. His brother-in-law assisted him to arise when they discovered that the left leg was broken.

He was assisted to his home on Main street and surgical attention given him.

This morning Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest were going to New York and from there they were going to sail for Porto Rico on Saturday. This accident breaks up the party and none of them are going.

HON. S. R. DRESSER DEAD.

Passed Away at His Home in Bradford Last Friday.

From the Era we clip the following: Solomon Robert Dresser, who during the past four years had been an invalid, died at his palatial home, No. 149 Jackson avenue, Friday morning at 8:25 o'clock. While it was known in the community that he had permanently lost his health and vigor, the news of his death came as a great surprise. Mr. Dresser had taken frequent carriage rides and his strong constitution had held up persistently against the ravages of the ills that afflicted him. Cerebral hemorrhage the third of a series of like attacks, caused his death and the announcement that the end had finally come was received with much sorrow by the public.

As a neighbor and a citizen he was highly esteemed by the people of his home city.

The deceased, since 1878, had been a resident of Bradford. Here, in the years gone by he had worked assiduously to build up a great industry as a manufacturer and he had been remarkably successful.

In addition to his private business affairs he had been identified prominently with public matters. He was formerly a trustee of the Carnegie Public Library and, with his estimable wife, took a practical, helpful interest in the Bradford hospital. Civic improvement appealed to him strongly and he was never backward in giving financial aid and personal encouragement to uplifting movements in the community. He was one of the leading citizens of this section of the state.

Mr. Dresser was born in Litchfield, Hillsdale county, Michigan, on February 1, 1842. He received there a common school education and later was a student at Hillsdale college. His early life was passed upon his father's farm in that vicinity and in 1865 he located in West Virginia. From there, later, he went to Butler county, Pa., where he was identified with the oil business. He was of an inventive turn of mind and became interested in the manufacture of oil well and pipe line appliances of different kinds. He invented and patented the Dresser oil and gas well packers and the Dresser pipe couplings and improved them to such an extent that they became known as the best joints of their kinds obtainable. The excellence of the packers and couplings soon used them to be in great demand and for years they have been most extensively used in the oil and gas regions of the world. As a consequence of this demand the business grew rapidly and necessitated enlarged manufacturing facilities. A greater plant was erected in the larger section of the city than the original [illegible] located in Potter place [illegible] capacity. Then was formed the manufacturing corporation which still [illegible]

Mr. Dresser, in politics, was a Republican and became prominent in the affairs of his party. He was elected a member of the Bradford city council [illegible] and [illegible] the Bradford [illegible] and always took a deep interest in the welfare of the [illegible] for three terms was district deputy in the Masonic district comprising McKean and Potter counties and was widely known throughout the country in Masonic circles.

He was a member of the Pennsylvania Society of New York city and belonged to the Duquesne club of Pittsburg and to the Bradford, the Merchants, the Country and Edgewood clubs of this city and was a member of the Ellicott club of Buffalo.

Mr. Dresser was personally a most congenial and friendly man. He was generous and sympathetic. No worthy cause would be allowed to pass unaided if its merits were properly brought to his attention. He was always devoted to the town's welfare—and when it would have been to his financial interest to locate elsewhere, he loyally remained in Bradford.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Vesta E. Stinson of Hillsdale, Mich., who died in 1883. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Caroline Kirsch of Lowell, O. He is also survived by one daughter, Mrs. F. A. Miller, and three sons, R. A. Dresser, Carl Dresser and Richard Dresser, all residents of Bradford, and one sister, Mrs. Abigail Burchard of Chicago. Carl Dresser is a student of Princeton university and Richard is attending Hill's school at Pottstown, Pa.

The funeral services were held at the family residence Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. George M. Hickman, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, now of Homestead, Pa., officiated. Union Lodge, No. 334, F. and A. M., attended the services and conducted the burial ritual at the grave at Oak Hill where interment took place.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call and see

Oct.6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

The One Girl

A Case of Love at First Sight and a Complication

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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Jack Townsend leaned back in his seat on the train and looked long and admiringly at the girl across the aisle. For some time he had been casting surreptitious glances in her direction as she read on, absorbed in a magazine, unconscious of his presence.

Townsend waited for her to raise her long lashed eyes. She did so presently, and her careless glance around included Jack, but just in that fleeting moment it came to him positively, indisputably, that this was the one woman. He fretted uneasily as the train flew on and the miles slipped by. Was there no way under the sun that he might speak a word to her, no way that he might learn her name, before she reached her destination and passed, perhaps, from his life forever, carrying with her his hope of happiness? It was strange, he reflected, that he should feel so convinced of this fact. The girl closed her magazine, and as she leaned forward to place it in her valise her golden chain caught about the arm of the seat. There was a little click, and the locket came rolling across, to stop directly beneath the toe of Townsend's boot. He reached for it quickly and then sat staring at it in amazement, for the cover lay open in his hand, revealing the fat, smiling face of his old time chum Tom Danvers.

"If you please," said a voice. And he turned to find the "one girl" regarding him curiously, her hand outstretched to receive the trinket. Townsend was at her side in an instant.

"Pardon me," he began eagerly, "you see, I was rather taken aback; for your locket contains a picture of my old college chum Tom Danvers. If you are a friend of his you may have heard him speak of Jack Townsend"—he produced a card smilingly—"at your service."

Her face flushed rosily as she accepted both the locket and card. "Yes, indeed. I have heard of you often—

"AM I PARDONED THE DECEPTION?"

the fishing trips up in Canada that you enjoyed together; various college escapades"—she flushed again—"and lately I have heard that you are to be best man at the wedding."

"The wedding!" Jack had forgotten that old Tom was to be married next month. Something seemed to whirl around in his head as his glance fell upon the girl's left hand, where a large diamond sparkled in the light.

With an effort he remembered what would be expected of him. "Allow me to wish you happiness," he said, stiffly. "I shall renew my congratulations when I next see Tom."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Townsend?" she asked.

For a very short time he hesitated. It seemed a mocking fate which caused the coveted opportunity to arrive just as he had discovered its futility; then suddenly he resolved that this one day or hour would be his to enjoy at least. Afterward—well, afterward there would be the memory. So he made himself entertaining, as he well knew how, and the girl flashed him bright glances or veiled her eyes provokingly, and the hours passed as moments until at twilight he arose to bid her goodby with a great regret tugging at his heart.

"You will not forget the date of the wedding," she reminded, and he answered sarcastically as he turned away, "It will be impossible for me to attend the wedding."

She waved to him from the car window, and he stood upon the station platform watching her smiling face until he could see it no more. He settled down to business after this with a determination to forget the haunting face of his friend's promised wife and purposely avoided the byways which Tom was known to frequent. A meeting between the two was inevitable, however, and his friend's bulky figure loomed up before him one day upon the street.

"Great Scott, Jack," was his greeting, "where have you been?"

"Busy," he answered shortly.

"Well, you'd better cut it out for awhile," Tom went on, "and run up to Bedford with me to see Adelia."

Townsend intended to refuse the invitation curtly; then that taunting memory flew flushed before him. "All right," he agreed recklessly; "I'll go."

His heart hammered away against his ribs in a very foolish manner as the two men awaited the appearance of Tom's fiancee, and, when she came gliding gracefully into the room and he was duly presented by Tom, Jack stared incredulously from one to the other, for Miss Adelia was tall and fair, while the "one girl" had been small, with dark and curling locks. His thoughts were very misty and confused throughout that call, and as Tom led the way later to the suburban train Jack accosted him sternly:

"See here, Tom," he said, "Miss Adelia is very nice, and you are a lucky man, but what do you mean by engaging yourself to another girl only to deceive her in the end?"

His friend turned with unexpected anger. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"That you have been making love to a little dark haired girl," Jack persisted.

"I certainly have not," Tom protested hotly; "don't even know any one answering that description. Maybe you know what you are talking about. I don't."

"You will have to excuse me from being best man at your wedding," Jack said presently. "I shall be too busy to act."

"All right," his friend responded, and they parted coldly.

But Jack Townsend walked briskly up the avenue, and the frown which had formed between his brows vanished, for it occurred to him suddenly that wherever the "one girl" might be she was now free. He recollected with dismay that, though he had spoken freely of his past, present and future that memorial day upon the train, he had neither learned the name nor destination of the girl who had listened so attentively, but as he made occasional business trips to distant cities he watched continually with a patient hopefulness for a glimpse of her face, and it was when returning from one of these trips that the expected happened.

He was leaning back wearily as the car door was thrust open to admit a laughing couple. The girl who came first wore a long white cloak, and the face peeping from beneath the drooping plumes of her hat was the piquant face of his little locket lady, and the man who followed her down the aisle, visibly shielding white rice from his coat and hat as he came, was unmistakably Tom!

They passed without recognition and took the opposite seat. Inwardly raging, Jack vainly tried to solve the mystery. Could it be possible that his friend had fallen captive to the charms of this demure maid and while still betrothed to the fair Adelia had married her the very night preceding that named for his long planned wedding? This, under the circumstances, seemed to be the only reasonable conclusion, and just as Jack reached it Tom leaned over and touched him on the arm.

"Jack Townsend," he exclaimed delightedly, all animosity forgotten, "come over here. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

There seemed to be no way of escape, so Townsend sullenly obeyed.

"This is Adelia's friend Miss Grenville," he heard Tom saying, and a bewildering, smiling vision seemed to float uncertainly before him for a moment.

"Tom," he asked deliberately, "did I understand you to say Miss?"

"Certainly," his friend replied.

"Then I am going to ask a favor," Jack continued. "Go and lose yourself some place, Tommy, until we reach town. I wish a confidential talk with Miss Grenville."

The obliging Tom rose with alacrity. "I'll be in the smoker," he called back.

The girl raised her eyebrows in mock surprise as Jack seated himself at her side. "What a strange acting person you are!" she said.

"When it comes to strange actions"—he was beginning, and she had the grace to blush.

"I hate explanations," she said; "but, if you must know, Adelia and I had been visiting a mutual friend, and in the hurry of departure she forgot her jewelry. I found it upon the dresser after she had gone and decided that the safest way to get it to her would be to wear it myself. The journey home was long and tiresome. I wanted very much to talk to some nice person; and, though I had never met Tom, Adelia speaks of him continually, and I knew if you were a friend of his"—

"You allowed me to think," Jack interposed, "that you were Tom's fiancee."

Miss Grenville laughed softly. "I know it," she said; "but, you see, it seemed much better that way, with no thought of a common flirtation. I am sorry that you have decided not to attend the wedding, for I am to be Adelia's maid of honor. She entertained the bridal party at a rehearsal tonight and gave Tom strict orders to see me home."

The lashes veiled her eyes in a well remembered way. "And now," she asked, "am I pardoned the deception?"

"Pardoned!" Jack exclaimed fervently. But Tom's figure filled the passage.

"Excuse the interruption," he said sarcastically, "We are pulling in."

"All right, old man," Jack cried joyously. "And I say, Tom, I am going to that wedding of yours tomorrow night. A fellow ought to learn what to say before his own turn comes."

His Family Story

It Explained About the Wreath on the Photograph

By F. A. MITCHEL

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While dining with my friends Jack Rathbone and his wife I noticed hanging on the wall a photograph of a young man about twenty-two years of age and, judging by his likeness, as fine looking a fellow as I ever saw. What struck me especially was a garland of fresh flowers running around the frame. I was thinking of asking about the original of the picture, when it occurred to me that I might be treading on some delicate subject, and I concluded to restrain my curiosity till I had Jack alone. His wife doesn't like tobacco smoke, so when the coffee was brought on she followed the custom of other days, when men were left to smoke alone after dinner, and excused herself. Soon after her departure I said to Jack:—

"Who's the handsome man over there, Jack?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, in the first place it isn't usual, as you know, to decorate any one's photograph unless there is some very especial reason for it. Then the fresh flowers that encircle the frame give an impression one gets from seeing flowers on a grave. Furthermore, I am interested in the young man pictured there. The expression on the face indicates one of noble impulses, one capable of some remarkable act of magnanimity, some marvelous sacrifice. Then too"—

"Stop!" Jack laid his hand on my arm. I turned from the photograph on which my eyes had rested while I was speaking to him and saw that he was moved by some overpowering emotion.

"I beg a thousand pardons for trespassing"— He stopped me again.

"That's all right," he said. "You haven't trespassed or intruded or done any harm. It is the correctness of the inferences you have drawn from the photograph that moved me. I wish Alice had been here while you were speaking."

My curiosity was all the more excited by the way my comments were received; but I dared not advance further in a matter at the bottom of which there was such deep feeling, so I waited for Jack to speak again. He was silent some time, during which he seemed to be framing something in his mind. Finally he said:

"I'm going to tell you a story."

"About the original of the picture?"

"Never mind the picture till I have finished my story. Then I'll not need to explain anything. I shall use assumed names, partly because I wish you to draw your own inferences at the end and partly for other reasons which will appear to you.

"Ten years ago two students, chums, were preparing for graduation in a state university. One of them, John Harbeson, was an ordinary sort of fellow—that is, an average man without anything very good or very bad about him. The other, Trent Marshall, was a noticeable figure from the day he entered college. He was an athlete, and his interest in athletics interfered with his standing in his class so that he was not an honor man. Nevertheless such honors as his classmates could give him were heaped upon him.

"There was a girl in the place who caught the fancy of both chums. It isn't necessary for me to go into the details of the affair further than to say that neither of the young men knew the other was in love with her on whom he had set his heart. She was gracious to both and never told either the other's secret until she had accepted one of them. Then she said to him that she felt she should refuse him, for her acceptance of him would destroy the affection the two chums felt for each other.

"That was the summer of the Spanish-American war. As soon as Harbeson and Marshall finished their college course they took a train together for Tampa, Fla., where troops were collecting, and enlisted in a regiment about to sail for Cuba. It was Harbeson the girl had chosen, with that perversity of girls who when they choose for love alone pay little or no attention to that excellence which is recognized by the world. Either they know better than the world in such matters, or they think they do, which is the same thing. At any rate, when a girl marries for love nobody knows what the fellows she's going to pass over to take some one the rest of the world has but an ordinary use for. On their way to Tampa and from there to Santiago Harbeson felt as though he had been stealing from his chum. Marshall, on the other hand, didn't dream that Harbeson had won the girl who had turned him down.

"I'LL DO IT FOR HER—BOTH OF YOU."

"Perhaps he would have never known the secret if it hadn't been for the letters. The men hadn't been on the island very long when Marshall, who was delivering letters that had just arrived to members of his company, handed one the handwriting of which he recognized to Harbeson. When two or three more letters came with the same superscription Marshall knew that his friend had won the prize on which he had set his own heart.

"Of course Harbeson knew the secret was out, but his chum did not mention the matter to him and he couldn't make up his mind to mention it to his chum. He didn't know whether Marshall had turned against him or not. It was perfectly natural that the matter should bring about some constraint, but, you see, Harbeson, not having made a clean breast of it in the first place, was accountable for this. As it was his friend felt obliged to ignore it.

"Strange to say, the events of a bloody and wearing campaign were not sufficient to obliterate this shadow that had fallen between these two friends. Harbeson couldn't but feel guilty and assumed that Marshall, whom he dearly loved, blamed him. It didn't matter that Marshall failed to show that he blamed him or that he had changed toward him. All through the campaign Marshall suffered more from this position in which he had been placed than from the heat, the exposure, the dread of missiles and, more than all, the overhanging pall of epidemic.

"In one of the fights in which the chums were engaged their company was cut off from the rest of the command and most of the men taken prisoners. Some eight or ten of them managed to get away where they could hide either among trees, long grass or bushes, but they were hunted and instead of being made prisoners were shot down as they ran. Harbeson and Marshall never failed to stand by each other when it was possible. They were among the men who were trying to avoid capture and had got into a clump of bushes. By lying low they hoped the Spaniards would finally tire of the hunt or think they had found all the fugitives. But the outlook was discouraging. Every now and again they would see some one of their comrades make a dash for liberty, only to be shot down by the Spaniards, who paid no attention to any signal of surrender.

"Finally a Spanish soldier in proximity to the bushes where the friends were hiding was heard to say:

"'There's one left, and he's hiding in here.'

"Then it was evident that they were about to beat the bushes for their covey.

"'John,' said Marshall in a low voice, 'I am going to run; you stay where you are.'

"'You'll certainly be killed,' replied his friend.

"'But they think there's only one of us, and they'll leave you unnoticed.'

"'I protest'—

"'John,' said his friend, putting his hand on the other's arm, 'I'll not only do it for you, I'll do it for her—both of you.'

"Marshall's words 'I'll do it for her' paralyzed action in Harbeson, who felt that he should die with his friend. He suffered Marshall to go out to his death that he might live.

"Rathbone paused. He was right in saying that when he had finished his story there would be nothing to explain. It was plain that he was John Harbeson and was suffering and had doubtless for years suffered from a feeling that he should not have accepted this sacrifice. I could understand how the position in which he had been placed would affect a sensitive man.

"I turned from him to look again at the photograph of the man who had given his life for him and the woman both loved. What I had seen in the picture before had been intensified by the story of his sacrifice.

"And yet I could understand why Rathbone's wife had chosen him. Surely his modesty was very engaging. This sensitiveness at the position he occupied excited sympathy.

"'Jack,' I said, 'your friend's sacrifice was noble, and I don't wonder that you and your wife adorn his picture with ever living flowers. But I fear your high sense of honor and your sensitiveness have somewhat marred your friend's gift. It is no fault of yours that you are the subject of his sacrifice. You should strive to throw off the pain connected with it, that it may have the effect that was intended.'

"'I have often thought of that,' he replied gloomily. 'It has appeared to me that I have been grudging him the opportunity of dying for us.'

"'And you must remember that had he been the winner in the game of love you might have been the one to make the sacrifice.'

"'I have often wondered if I would have made it.'

"'Certainly you would,' I said encouragingly. 'Now let us join your wife.'

"Going to the drawing room, we found Mrs. Rathbone. She cast a quick glance at her husband, and I saw by her expression that she knew he had been telling the story of the family. And I knew that her life work was to destroy the effect of a noble act upon a sensitive man.

His Brother Was Different.

A noted Philadelphia attorney tells one on himself. He left his native town in Tennessee years ago and located in Philadelphia to practice law. He has been uniformly successful. His brother, on the other hand, remained behind at the family homestead. Returning to his native town some time ago, the attorney met an old darky in the road.

"Hello, uncle!" he said. But the old man did not recognize the boy he used to know in the prosperous looking citizen who addressed him.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "how are the Blank family?"

"Oh, they're all right," said the old darky. "Jim Blank has gone to Philadelphia and done made a lot of money. He's a lawyer, sah."

"Is that so?" answered the attorney. "And his brother Tom, how is he? Has he made a fortune too?"

"Lawdy, no!" answered the old darky, shaking his head. "He ain't no lawyer. Marse Tom wouldn't take a dishonest penny from nobody."—Philadelphia Times.

A Russian Railroad.

Nicholas I. of Russia had quite an original way of transacting business. He sent one day for his engineers and gave them eight days to bring him the route of a railroad to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow. At the end of the allotted time the plan was prepared.

"What," said he, looking at it, "what is all this—these twists and turns, this serpentine track? You must have misunderstood me."

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have drafted the shortest route which would embrace on the line the leading towns and villages."

"Give me the pencil and rule," he said, and he struck a bee line from one city to another. "There—you understand me?"

"But, Sire, you leave the large towns entirely out of sight!"

"That is their affair. Let them come within sight."

And so the road was made as straight as an I.

The Kauri Gum Diggings.

Kauri gum, found underground in New Zealand and dug to the amount of a million and a half yearly, is used chiefly for furniture polishes and varnishes, and most of it is exported to America. The industry of digging it is unlike any other in the world. A kauri forest is a beautiful sight, but kauri gum country is treeless, barren and desolate, even and swampy very often, with singularly heavy, cloggy soil, out of which the gum formed on kauri pines of ancient and long vanished forests is dug or speared. There are whole stretches of this treeless kauri country with nothing but a little scrub and fern growing on it. Some of the gum diggers—about 2,000 in all—are Maoris, pleasant, friendly natives; some are British, and a certain number are Dalmatians.—Argonaut.

Thoughtful Girl.

The young man was calling on the girl. He didn't know her very well, but she looked good to him. He wanted to call again the next night, but hardly had the nerve to ask permission to do so.

"I'd like to come up again," he said when he was ready to go home. "How about next week some time?"

A look of disappointment came over her face. "Next week?" she said. "Why, isn't that—er—well, I'll tell you what to do; you come up tomorrow night and we'll decide which night next week you may call."—Detroit Times.

The Soul of the House.

There are big houses and small, handsome and plain, dear and cheap, but every house is like a suit of clothes in that it makes such a lot of difference who is walking around in it.—Life.

True enough. If she's there, it seems like home; if she isn't, it doesn't. No amount of elegance of edifice or furnishings can compensate for her absence. She is the indispensable factor to any home life worthy of the name.—Troy Press.

Look About You.

It is wonderful how much one can learn by cultivating the habit of observation. As you walk in the street or ride in the car you pick up a surprising amount of information. Our fellow beings are intensely interesting, and they are constantly teaching us something or other. Do not let your knowledge stagnate—Put it to some practical use.

No One to Do It.

"You say you have three small children. Can't you find work?"

The man with the three days' beard and the ragged trousers wiped away a tear.

"Alas, mum," he said, "it wouldn't be any good. They ain't old enough to work yet."

Raving.

"John, the cook has been drinking again."

"Is she very drunk?"

"Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

In the Toils.

"I understand your cousin married a struggling young man."

"Yes, he struggled all right, but he couldn't get away from her."—Pittsburg Press.

Her Joke.

"Madam, your account is overdrawn, and we have had to send a number of your checks back."

"How perfectly funny!"—New York Press.

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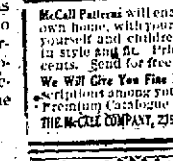

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Fourth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,000,000.00.

The McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1911.

Local and General.

—Fifteen teachers were elected in Company C of Bradford.

—It is said that the county roads are in sub-zero condition now.

—Fry & Conger's new and interesting advertisement this week.

—Look out for the event of the season at the Methodist Episcopal church Feb. 13, 1911.

—We suggest that our readers look up Monteith's "Wash-Up" sale advertisement in this issue.

—The Eulalolan Company is offering some excellent bargains previous to the story of their advancement this week.

—A saloon is started in Annin H. Mellon, who is charged with embezzlement of $50 from the National Glass Co. was reported to be at Excel company of Cleveland, O., ill with typhoid disease last Saturday.

—It is said that the minstrel show was arrested last week in Bradford on by local talent for the benefit of the Jury. Constable John Brown went to Smethport band will be the best thing Bradford yesterday morning and of its kind ever given in this place. brought the prisoner to this city on the evening train. The young man

—The Ladies Aid of the Methodist was given a hearing this afternoon Episcopal church will hold a cooked before Justice E. Wheeler and plead food sale at J. Colegrove's grocery not guilty to the charge. Justice store, Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2:30 p. m. Wheeler placed him under $500 bail

—The McKean County Teachers' for his appearance at the March term Association held a meeting in Kane on of criminal court. Saturday last. The meeting was well attended and an interesting program was rendered.

—H. B. Rhine of Ridgway made a hero of himself one day last week by plunging into the icy waters of Elk creek and saving the life of the eight-year-old son of James M. Kemmer of Ridgway.

—James D. Magowan, a well-known and popular business man of Kane died at his home in that place on Thursday of last week. He was 61 years of age and is survived by his wife and three children.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has issued orders to have the Manual block system installed along the Clermont branch, running from Larabee to Johnsonburg. This system is now being installed at the Smethport station.

—The Kane Republican says: An old well that was being drilled deeper at Wilcox, Pa., the other day surprised the contractors when they struck a big flow of gas, the pressure being estimated at three million feet. If the well holds out it will be very valuable property.

—At Toronto, Canada, Saturday morning, Mrs. Percy Brooks, the wife of the manager of the Fairbanks company, and her children, Percy, aged 9; George, aged 4, and Middie, aged 2, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their residence.

—Emerson Bittner, an employee of the Fayette County Gas company at Connellsville, Pa., who removed a meter leaving a gas pipe uncapped, and causing the fire in a five and ten cent store which was fatal, was held for [illegible] in Smethport [illegible] by the Coroner.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a chop [illegible] for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church at 5:30 Saturday evening, Jan. 28. The supper will be under the direction of Mrs. [illegible] and the price [illegible] cents.

Bishop Mark Rudin, head of the Erie diocese, Protestant Episcopal church, has decided to locate in Erie for the coming year. The citizens of that city have rented a house for him and they will entertain the new bishop to look around and select an Episcopal residence. The consecration ceremony will probably take place on February 24th.

—Warren Times-Tribune: Harry H. Mellon, who is charged with embezzlement of $50 from the National Glass Co. was reported to be at Excel company of Cleveland, O., ill with typhoid disease last Saturday. was arrested last week in Bradford on a warrant which was issued here last Saturday. Constable John Brown went to Bradford yesterday morning and brought the prisoner to this city on the evening train. The young man was given a hearing this afternoon before Justice E. Wheeler and plead not guilty to the charge. Justice Wheeler placed him under $500 bail for his appearance at the March term of criminal court.

—The fourteen men guests of the Hotel Frederick in Brooklyn Square, Jamestown, and the women employes asleep in the building, had to hurry from the building shortly after 5 o'clock Monday morning to escape suffocation from the heavy clouds of smoke that poured up the hallways from the fire in the hotel kitchen in the basement below the hotel barroom. Some of the men and women had to flee in their night clothes, and three of the men were taken from the third story windows down long ladders because of the dense smoke that filled the corridors. Most of the guests were at once given quarters at the Humphrey house. The loss was $12,000.

—Tuesday's Kane Republican says: Last night Chief of Police Ives arrested a colored man who had been trying to create a disturbance in one of our hotels, and while on his way to the city lockup the negro pulled out a knife and attempted to sink the blade into the abdomen of the officer, and had it been a knife with a larger blade he probably would have inflicted a serious wound, but the blade was small and it bent slightly when it came in contact with the heavy vest the officer wore, although it ripped the cloth about three inches in length. When the officer realized that the negro tied to stab him he quickly brought his mase into sway, and rapped the assassin on the head, and then succeeded in putting him in the lockup. He was given a hearing this morning before a justice, who gave him thirty days in the county jail.

Here It Is.

THIS
IS
the
time
we
must grab when,
worn and weary,
home we go and
so dust off the
cobwebs now,
'Twill soon be
time to shovel
SNOW!
—Detroit Free Press.

How It Looked to Him.

Mrs. Dresser was looking over the grocer's bill.

"How many pounds are there in a peck, Henry?" she asked.

Her husband looked up from his newspaper.

"Are you trying to figure out the weight of your latest coiffure, my dear?" he asked.—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

A New Year's Toast.

Lift high thy beaker, love; let's quaff
The cup of cheer.
Another year in which to laugh
Has come, my dear.

All breaking hearts with joy we'll mend.
All weak ones strong
We'll make it to the New Year's end
We carry song.

Then, let us drink again, dear heart,
Away with fear!
Away with grief! We'll do our part
This glad New Year.
—Los Angeles Times.

The One Place.

"That Mrs. Gossip seems to be at home wherever she may be."

"Well, I saw her *in a place* yesterday where she seemed decidedly restless and uneasy."

"You don't say! Where was that?"

"At home."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Advantages of Poverty.

Some complain that time hangs heavy,
And they wibble;
Even gather in a bevy
To bemoan.

That's a thing which does't worry
Poorer folk.
Time is always in a hurry
When you're broke.

Yes, time fairly goes a-skating
In a streak
When you have collectors coming
Every week.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Chastisement.

"What has become of that political leader who used to threaten us with all sorts of things if we didn't behave?" asked one voter.

"I don't know," replied the other. "I suspect he is giving us the silence discipline."—Wardell in Star.

The Quitter.

To drink no more I now resolve—
Except when I am dry—
And smoking, too, I know, of course—
At least, that is, I'll try.

And betting? Well, it's rather hard,
But lose cases like they say,
And so to keep myself I'll try
The betting-other way.

And speaking [illegible] I'll quit—
As a rule—it's all easy.
That [illegible] will bring
Ten-fold [illegible]
—Bohemian.

Forty Cents a Pound.

"Say, what is a fly refugee?"

"A delicate scientific instrument with which chemists cut one-thousandth of an inch thick can be cut."

"Oh, yes. The fellow I buy my bacon of has one."—Cleveland Leader.

Unfooled.

She painted her cheeks,
But she didn't fool me.
She painted her cheeks,
And she did it in streaks.
It was easy to see
She had painted her cheeks,
So she didn't fool me.
—Detroit Free Press.

Caught in the Rain.

"'Ere's a rummy lookin' chap, Garge."

"'E's a Parsee—one of those blokes wot worships the sun, Willyum."

"Over 'ere on a 'olliday, I suppose?"—Bystander.

Of Course.

The hotel differs from the beanery—
Serves dishes with a touch of greenery.
Of course the score
Is somewhat more,
But one expects to pay for scenery.
—Kansas City Journal.

Somewhat Different.

"My name," said the great tragedian, "has adorned many billboards."

"And mine," rejoined the low comedian, "has adorned many board bills."—Chicago News.

Stuck.

"I swear," old Charon said in wrath,
"here is a pretty fix!
This ferryboat won't go at all because
the river Styx!"
—Galveston News.

Imagination.

"Has your husband a mind of his own?"

"Well, he thinks it's his own."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

What's the Use?

He never looks
When high winds flirt,
For every skirt's
A hobble skirt.
—Houston Post.

Enough!

"Is that man crazy, or what?"

"No; don't you see he's acting in front of a moving picture camera."—Boston Herald.

All Within Three Hours

How a Couple Eloped and Married a Second Time.

By ELSIE B. MATTESON

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The tide served at 2 o'clock.

Now, this may be considered a singular beginning for a story. What difference whether the hour was 2 or 4 or 1 or 6? This difference—that had it not been 2 there would have been no story.

Young Mrs. Tedford, who had been married at eighteen, two years before, and divorced at nineteen, one year before, owned a house that had been given her at the time of her wedding. On the day the tide served at 2 o'clock, not knowing any more than the reader that it made any difference to her at what hour the tide was at the door, she took a train at 9 o'clock in the morning from her mother's suburban residence at Elmwood to go to the city. She had found it both lonely and inconvenient to live alone in her own house, *and she was going into* town to arrange for a permanent stay with her mother. Not that she wished to live in the country—indeed, she detested living there—but she could not well help herself.

Mrs. Tedford visited a real estate agent and left an order to rent her house, furnished, then went to the *house to get a few things that she* needed for immediate use, put them in a bag and was going downstairs to take the 11:15 train for Elmwood when there was a ring at the doorbell. The lady was somewhat surprised, for the house bore evidence on the outside of being unoccupied. The postman never called here and there were supplies to be delivered.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Mrs. Tedford, pausing on the staircase. She shrank from opening the door while alone in the house, but, being a curious woman, she opened it.

"Good gracious!"

The occasion of Mrs. Tedford's exclamation was seeing her divorced

"WHERE IS THAT ENVELOPE I GAVE YOU?"

husband standing there, poking an envelope at her. He, too, was somewhat taken aback.

"What's become of your servant?" he asked tartly.

"I haven't a servant. I don't live here. I'm at mother's. I was just going out when the bell rang."

"Here's your alimony check. I sail *at 2 and came near forgetting it.* I was taking it to the postoffice and, passing the house, concluded to leave it. I supposed a servant would take it in."

He handed her the envelope containing the check and turned to go away.

"Where shall I send the receipt?" she asked.

"Oh, you can send it to the —— hotel, London."

"If you will come in I'll write a receipt—now."

"I haven't time; *the ship sails at 2.* At least that's the hour the tide serves. I failed to get the sailing hour, but, having a time table of tides, I know that 2 is the hour."

"It won't take but a minute. Besides, it's not 11 yet. You have three hours."

He hesitated. She turned and went *into the library*, where stood a desk—it had been his desk. He followed her and stood looking about him at familiar objects. There was the easy chair in which he used to read his paper and smoke after dinner, and there were the smoking paraphernalia she had given him and the pipes he had left the night they quarreled and separated. She opened the desk and, sitting down, wrote the receipt and handed it to him. He folded it, put it in his pocketbook and turned to go.

"If you hadn't behaved so badly," she said, "I might have been going on this trip with you. You know of our proposed outing and how I had set my heart on it."

"Why don't you go with your bosom friend?"

Now, the cause of the trouble between these two had been one of those *infatuations of a woman for another* woman which on occasion are as much to be dreaded as a wife's infatuation for another man than her husband.

"Your foolish jealousy was largely responsible for my losing one who loved me dearly."

"I didn't come here to talk over that matter. It was settled in court. I came here to leave you your alimony."

"The court settled our case," she retorted: "You settled the matter between me and Amy."

"What do you mean? Have you got tired of her?"

"Not that. We could never feel the same toward each other after you made her a cause for separation."

"Pity you both hadn't foreseen that."

"It wasn't necessary that we should foresee it had you not"—

"Good morning!"

He started to go, but she called him back to ask him some question as to property they owned together. Then he started again, saying not unkindly:

"Goodby, Nell."

"How long do you propose to be away?"

"Till I get tired."

"That's the way I'd like to make a trip abroad—set no time for return. What places do you intend to visit?"

"I shall first run down to Nice in order to get rid of the rest of the winter."

"That will be delightful. Elmwood is awful in winter."

Not receiving any comment on the desolation of the place where she would pass the winter, Mrs. Tedford continued:

"I suppose I shall never see those lands I have always so longed to see. There's Dresden, with its Sistine Madonna; Munich, with the best modern paintings in the world. Then there is Venice, a picture in itself of a dead past and the only one of its kind. Oh, how I wish I were going!"

He went to her and attempted to put an arm about her. She drew back, but only in pretense. He encircled her with both arms.

"Why not go with me, Nell?"

"There isn't time."

"There's more than two hours."

"At what hour does the steamer sail?"

"At 2. I have a stateroom all to myself."

"But besides my packing we'd have to be married."

"If there isn't time for a marriage before we sail we can be married on the ship."

"What will mother think?"

"Never mind that. You throw what you can't get on without into a trunk, I'll go out and telephone your mother and order a carriage."

"Do you really think we can marry?"

"Certainly. I don't take much cloth but. You'll wish to get a lot of things abroad."

"I didn't think of that."

She threw up her arms, and he hurried out.

He soon returned with a certificate and announced that he had been interviewed over the telephone with Mrs. Corkle. Mrs. Tedford's mother, announcing what had occurred, Mrs. Corkle had said that she might catch a train that would take her to the city in time to reach the steamer before it sailed and say good-by, but it would be a close call.

The floor was covered with clothing that Mrs. Tedford was hopping into a trunk. Mr. Tedford stood over her, with watch in hand, every ten minutes informing her of the hour and how much time she had. Then she informed him somewhat impatiently not to be a fool but put the horse in better shape to leave and write certain necessary letters for her. Going down to the library, he wrote the letters, then went about locking certain windows and pulling others. Having finished his job, he went upstairs again to find Mrs. Tedford trying to close and lock a trunk that she had stuffed so full she couldn't get the lid down. He sat on it and the deed was accomplished. Then the coachman was called. He shouldered the trunk and took it down stairs and put it on the box.

Now, it happened that Tam Maloney, alimony clerk, saw Mr. Tedford getting into a carriage with a lady and heard him tell the coachman to drive to an ocean liner. Maloney knew that Tedford had not paid his last installment of alimony and, thinking to make something out of getting it for the deserted wife, took another carriage and followed. It was then half past 1 *o'clock and several miles to go.* The Tedford carriage was moving likely split when it turned into the dock house, and up the street appeared Maloney's rig coming at the same gait. Just behind Maloney's came another coach—evidently in a hurry. It contained Mrs. Corkle.

"Stop that man!" shouted Maloney to a policeman. "He's going abroad without paying the alimony due his wife."

Mr. and Mrs. Tedford were stopped at the gangway. Maloney jumped out and confronted them.

"Fork over that alimony," he said, "or I step your going."

Men began to remove the gangplank.

"There's no time to lose in explanation, Nell," said Tedford. "He'd swear we were eloping or something. What did you do with the envelope I gave you?"

"It's here in my bag."

Opening a little bag she carried on her arm, she took out the check Tedford had given her three hours before and gave it to Maloney. At that moment Mrs. Corkle sprang from her carriage, embraced her daughter and kissed Tedford. The pair then went on board.

The closing scene of this comedy was Mr. and Mrs. Tedford leaning over the rail waving to Mrs. Corkle, tears running down the cheeks of both mother and daughter. As for Tedford, he looked as of he had been awakened from a dream.

The same evening the couple were remarried by a clergyman passenger, but there is nothing dramatic in that.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

BALTIMORE SEALSHIPS OYSTERS in season

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold on Cheap by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1911.

Up to early this morning the jury had not come to an agreement in the Schenk poisoning case at Wheeling, W. Va.

Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society and Secretary of the Navy under President Theodore Roosevelt, died of a cerebral hemorrhage in the Seymour hotel in New York last Friday.

The electric chair will supercede the gallows as the method of capital punishment in Pennsylvania, if a bill framed by Representative John F. L. Morris of Philadelphia is acted upon favorably by the legislature. The proposed legislation has met with the approval of state leaders, criminologists, jail wardens and others, and its passage practically is assured, according to reports. If the bill is passed the scene of executions will be shifted from county jails to the penetentiaries of the state, where condemned murderers will suffer the death penalty in a manner similar to that in Sing Sing prison, New York, and the Ohio State penitentiary in Columbus.

Seldom, if ever, has the action of a governor been given the unqualified endorsement by the leader of the opposition [illegible] as was the case in the house of representatives when Robert R. Dearden of Philadelphia, who was the Keystone party candidate for speaker, rose in his seat and asked the house to vindicate the action of Gov. John K. Tener in vetoing the several portions of the supplemental appropriations bill which he slashed last week. Representative Dearden's action was a surprise, especially as he is the minority floor leader in the house and is ever willing to go to battle with the Republicans on any legislative matter that will place the organization in a parliamentary muddle and furnish campaign material for the forces of the opposition.

David Graham Phillips, the popular novelist, was shot down and fatally wounded by Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough, a crazed socialist and son of a well-known Southern family, on a street in New York, Monday morning. The assassin fired six shots into Mr. Phillips' body without a word of warning, five of the bullets taking effect, one of which punctured his right lung and another passing through the intestines. The assassin then turned the revolver on himself, firing a shot through his brain which caused instant death. Mr. Phillips lingered until nearly one on Tuesday when he died from a hemorrhage. It is claimed that the demented Goldsborough was enraged at some of Phillips writings and held the opinion that he had grossly insulted some of Goldsborough's family in his writings, and that he was an enemy to womankind.

The first of the heroic marble figures of the George Gray Barnard group of statues has been put into place and stripped of its covering and was found to be draped with plaster of Paris. This treatment is in line with what Barnard, who is in Paris, is reported to have promised when his attention was called to the protests against the nudity of the figures. The men in charge of the groups say the plaster will remain until orders are received from Barnard or state officials for its removal. The matter of the daping of the nude figures, some of which are twenty feet in height, has been widely discussed in this state and the general body of artists has protested vigorously against marring the beautiful white marble statues by the addition of so-called draperies. On the other hand, letters and resolutions of protest have been pouring in on the state authorities to refrain from placing the stationary drapings along the capitol front in its present condition of nudity.

There are two candidates for the office of county superintendent, both of whom are capable men. The present superintendent, B. S. Bayle, has given very satisfactory service for two terms of three years each, and under his supervision the county schools have been improved in many respects. Another argument that is being urged in behalf of Mr. Bayle is the fact that it has been customary in the past to give a county superintendent who has been giving satisfactory service, three terms. Mr. Bayle is a good, clean man and if re-elected will be a credit to the office. Prof. Charles Lillibridge of Eldred is the other candidate for the office. Mr. Lillibridge is also a very capable gentleman, who as head of the Eldred schools for seven years, has given very good satisfaction, and should he be elected to the county superintendency, would make good. Port Alleganians feel especially interested in the election of Mr. Lillibridge, because he is a Port Allegany young man, a graduate of the Port Allegany schools, besides his numerous qualifications for the office he seeks. The Argus, with other Port Alleganians, is interested in the election of Mr. Lillibridge, but feels that, no matter which of the two obtains the office, we shall have a satisfactoy official. As the Eldred Eagle sagely remarks, it is up to the directors to decide between the two men, and they have the six-years' record of Mr. Bayle as superintendent, and the seven-year record of Mr. Lillibridge as principal of the Eldred school, to choose between. Both men are conducting clean canvasses, and any remarks to the contrary may be accepted as bosh.—Port Allegany Argus.

This is a great week for agriculture, horticulture and allied interests at Harrisburg. Many agricultural societies are in session, including the State Board of Agriculture, the State Horticultural Association, the Pennsylvania Livestock Breeders' Association and the Pennsylvania Dairy Union. This is the week of the annual meeting of such organizations, and the associations are continuing three times per day from Tuesday forenoon to Friday forenoon inclusive. Not only are there papers and discussions on important subjects by experts and practical men, but there is, also, an exhibition of Pennsylvania products that has never before been equalled in this state. The horticultural exhibit alone is a revelation to the grower and lover of good fruits. It would scarcely be believed that Pennsylvania is able to produce apples of such wonderful beauty and perfection as are there seen. The interest in fruit production has been greatly stimulated by the work of Professor Surface, State Zoologist, and his inspectors and demonstrators. The demonstration method has proven, in the different counties of this state, that all that is necessary for the production of fine fruits is to use modern methods in the care of the trees and the control of pests. Many of the finest apples shown at Harrisburg this week are from the Demonstration Orchards, or from orchards that have been conducted during recent years on the methods directed from the office of the Economic Zoologist. The value of the lime-sulfur solution as a spray for the deadly San Jose scale and other insects and fungous diseases is fully shown by the perfect fruits. For the first time the prizes, as well as other numerous prizes of considerable value, are awarded, and the interest in the fruit exhibit is greatly stimulated. The Horticultural Association is in session from Tuesday forenoon until Friday evening, inclusive, in the Board of Trade building, while during that entire time the fruit exhibit will be open to the public in Johnston Hall, 17 S Second street. There is, also, a magnificent exhibition of corn and other agricultural products; and also butter, milk, cream and other dairy products as well as nursery trees, horticultural equipment, spraying materials and apparatus and various kinds of farming machinery.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

What Leading Newspapers of the County Think of It.

"In time of peace prepare for war." It is now drawing towards the time when the Republican party will be called upon to present to the people of the county, candidates for very important county offices. The good loyal Republicans who have the interest of the people at heart, and who wish their party to be successful must look carefully into the matter of the general fitness of those who will present themselves for their suffrages.

The primaries is the great clearing house of candidates and this event is of the greatest importance to the good party man, for from that crucible will be evolved the standard bearers of the party. Up to that time the contest will be waged within party ranks, but from then on the fight assumes a more general phase, being a contest of the whole people. Republicans should bear in mind that in their party selection they must present men whose character and abilities will be such as will attract to them the support and confidence of all ranks of citizenship.

Therefore the voters should be on the alert to ascertain the qualifications of those who will aspire and when satisfied that they have the right man running stand by him regardless of all other consideration.

By the voters using their "think caps," we will be able to put up candidates who will win. Unless the voters in the party use a thorough process of selection, the people will use a merciless process of elimination.—Kane Republican.

The progessive element in the Republican party is taking a hand in the party's affairs and a reorganization all along the line is promised. By this means the old leaders will be set aside and new blood will be infused into the management. The standpatters will be relegated to the rear and there will be a transformation scene in the party's attitude toward certain important issues of the day. This means simply that the election of last November is interpreted as indicating that the majority of the people do not wish to "stand pat." They want a new deal. And this interpretation, under the circumstances, looks reasonable. The Republican party of McKean county needs something of this kind, too. There should be a change, a tightening of the lines whereby the hostile factions may be brought together. If this is not done the G. O. P. in the county will be required to permanently abdicate in favor of the Democratic fusion movement.—Bradford Era.

The above from two of the leading Republican newspapers of the county shows that the opinion is growing that the Republican voters of this county must take a more active interest in the selection of candidates, and that they must use their best judgment in selecting men who are eminently fitted for the positions to which they aspire. In other words the days of the professional politician is past and the people demand men who are capable of making good officers, instead of handing out the good offices to men whose principal claim is his alleged power as a politician.

There is no danger of the Republican party being defeated this coming fall if the voters will use their best judgment at the primaries and vote for the men who are best qualified for the office in preference to voting for the best politicians.

HYDRATED LIME.

Now that fruit growers are planning to spray their trees with one form or another of lime-sulfur solution, many inquiries reach the office of Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., on the subject of kinds of materials to be used in its preparation. The following letter to a Cumberland county apple grower on the subject of hydrated lime, may be found instructive to such as wish to use this lime in preference to the fresh lump lime:

"I have made careful examination of the package of hydrated lime which you left with me, and upon such limited test as I have been able to make, I must give it as my opinion that it is all right for making the lime-sulfur solution. If you use one-third more lime than ordinarily called for in the lime-sulfur formula. Even with this, it is not expensive, as the lime is very cheap. The advantage of this prepared lime is, that it is so finely divided, that it should cause no clogging of the nozzles. I myself have tried it in some of my own spraying operations. I believe that I can faithfully recommend it for highly satisfactory results. I find no printed statements concerning its use for spraying purposes, but shall have something further to say from my own observations and experiments ere long.

POMONA GRANGE.

Program of Meeting to Be Held in Smethport on Feb. 1.

The Pomona Grange of McKean county will hold a meeting in Smethport on Wednesday, Feb. 1. Following is the excellent program which will be carried out on this occasion:

11:00 a. m.—Called to order
Business Session.
12:00 noon—Recess.
1:30 Election of Executive committee

Literary Program.

Song—Grange
Address of Welcome—D. C. Young, Master of Fidelity grange
Response—W. E. Sawyer, Past Deputy
Quartet—Liberty grange
Paper—My Impressions of the State Grange, H. J. Rice
Piano Solo—Jeanette Herrimen
Recitation—Frank Hackett
Annual Report—County Lecturer
Quartet—Liberty grange
Recitation—Anna Bly
Talk—Fake Companies, J. W. Lee, cashier Grange National bank
Recitation—Lorra Otto
Song—Grange
4:00 p. m.—Conferring the 5th degree.

Open Evening Session

In the court house.
7:00 o'clock—Installation of Pomona officers.

Evening Program

Music—Smethport High School
Recitation—Irma Wells
Selection—Quartet
Music—Smethport High School
Address—Wm. T. Creasy, Master of Pennsylvania State grange
Selection—Quartet.
H. J. Rice, County Lecturer.

Blank Books

Playing cards, score cards and place cards.
Finest line in town.
Pure drugs and medicines
A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellow Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penna
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Chittenden, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's repair shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bonnyngholt,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 31 Main St Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. Q. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 25 years Experience.
Office: Anderson & Carlson Block.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Reasonable Reductions Seasonable Reductions

on all

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

WE DON'T SAY One-half off, but we do say, It will pay you to Compare Our Prices with others before you buy. Give us a look.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

THE ATTRACTIVE QUALITY

In a shoe is a great factor in its favor, but it is not its only virtue. Others of equal importance is its comfort and durability. In a shoe that combines all three of these desirable points is the perfect shoe, one often hard to find when you do not know where to seek. Here they are in plenty, and they don't cost you any more than the unsatisfactory kind.

The good ones are to be found at
ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

Brasted's Finest in BAKERY Goods
Groceries and Confectionery.

Mid-Winter Sale of Clothing

This is our Annual Clean-up. Nothing is reserved. The greatest price reduction in the history of the business. We have

$25,000

worth of High Grade Clothing to sell. Come early.

SALE STARTS TO-DAY

In Children's Suits and Overcoats

we have made a wonderful cut in prices.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Love's Great Power.

Channing: Love is the life of the all. It is the harmony of the uni-

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

Real Estate Bargains

The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.

Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.

Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.

Also 50 building lots.

See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.

Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

SHOT TO PIECES

Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing have been greatly Reduced.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

Inventory and Remnants.

The annual inventory brings to light hundreds of small lots and short pieces that must be sold—

Sold Cheap, of course, because remnants must be cheap to sell, and they have to sell. We cannot store them away so have marked them with size and price—marked them so low that if you want remnants you cannot help but buy.

We have put these on the tables and for one week everything in remnants line will take first place.

See them Friday morning and for one week (or until they are gone.)

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

REMARKABLE

One-half Price Sale

Of Marbleized Steel

ENAMELED WARE

Heavily Double-Coated, Pure White Lined

Daly & Garlick's

HARDWARE

Smethport, - - - - - Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—All children wishing to enter the first grade are requested to come to the school house Monday morning, Jan. 30.

—John Benson, a well-known and popular citizen of Mt. Jewett, died suddenly of appoplexy on Sunday last. He was aged 58 years.

—Four of the large new freight engines of the Shawmut railroad have gone to the shops to Angelica to be placed in commission. This is part of a large order of the Shawmut for new rolling stock.

—Webb Hopper of the Smethport Miner, has a junior linotype operator at his home. If he has a disposition like his dad and hair like his mother he'll be a splendid acquisition to the county seat.—Eldred Eagle.

—That Ridgway robin was on deck again yesterday. The bird was seen by a reputable citizen who affirms that he never saw a happier bird at any season of the year than redbeast seemed to be while hopping about on the treetops on January 22nd.—Ridgway Record.

—Services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday as follows: 10:30 preaching by the pastor. 7:30 p. m. the Rev. S. A. Morse, district superintendent of the Olean District, will preach. Monday evening the First Quarterly Conference will be held in the chapel. Dr. Morse will preside.

—The Travellers' Club will celebrate its nineteenth anniversary Monday, Jan. 30, from three to five p. m. Each member will bring one guest. It is the annual custom of the Club to earn a dollar to be donated to the club house fund at this time. The committee in charge of arrangements have provided an entertaining afternoon.

—M. S. Comes, the well-known Marvin creek farmer, underwent a very delicate operation on his right eye at Olean on Tuesday morning. An ulcer which has been bothering him for some time was removed. Yesterday his condition was not as satisfactory as his many friends here hoped for but we trust he will get much better in the near future.

—A number of people are under the impression that any postoffice in the country will receive deposits for the postal savings bank and as a consequence the postmasters are being bothered by those ignorant of the fact that at the present time there is but one postal savings bank in the state of Pennsylvania, and that one is located at DuBois. Deposits will not be received by mail, says Postmaster Godding in the Kane Republican.

—A team, owned by Undertaker J. M. Sloan of Bradford, and driven by Eugene Borel, ran away in that city yesterday morning. Mr. Borel was thrown from the rig and struck against a telephone pole injuring his head and side quite badly. A little farther on one of the horses ran into a tree and crushed its skull, killing it almost instantly. The other horse escaped injury. The wagon and harness were badly wrecked.

—We have received from Frank Vickery, a formerly well-known resident of Smethport, who is now located in Los Angeles, Cal., a copy of the Los Angeles Times, known as the Annual Mid Winter number. This issue comprises 184 pages and devotes much of its space in telling of the wonderful growth and advantages of this prosperous city and its beautiful surroundings. The Times is well worth careful perusal.

—The Backus Novelty Company has an automobile advertisement in this issue. This company is agent for the E. M. F., Flanders, Selden and Peerless cars, as well as having on hand a full line of Presto-Lite tanks and other accessories. This summer the company will have a large garage in which to show cars and make all kinds of repairs. Anyone thinking of buying any kind of a car will do well to write or call on the Backus Company.

—Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary, had the third finger on her left hand broken last Friday afternoon. The little girl was running home from school when she stumbled and fell, driving her hand into the semi-frozen ground. The finger was bent back until it was broken between the second and third joints. A physician was called and reduced the fracture and now the little girl is getting along as well as possible at this writing.

—To be shot through the body and not know it was the experience of Herman Runker of Mahoningtown, at Mercer, on Thursday. Runker had been hunting and going into the barn stood the rifle up against the door. It fell and was discharged. He did not know he had been stuck until his cousin saw blood running down Runker's coat. Runker walked to the house, where was discovered the bullet had passed through his body, coming out below the left shoulder blade. He feels no ill effects from his wound and was able to go to his home the next day.

—O. M. Colegrove, John F. Rooney and Warley Gifford, viewers appointed by the court in response to a petition of residents of Foster township, Monday investigated the proposition of opening a public road to connect Bennett brook with Gates hollow and Shawbrook. It is understood that the construction of a road in that locality would mean an expenditure of several thousands of dollars and there appears to be decided opposition to the proposed road among the taxpayers of the township.

—We have been informed that a certain woman in this town has lately been indulging in the nefarious practice of writing anonomous letters in which the characters of some very estimable people have been assailed. This is not only a very despicable practice but one found guilty of such an offense is liable to pretty severe punishment. We have been told who the guilty party is, but will not disclose her name at this time, hoping that this warning will be sufficient to put a stop to it.

—A few days ago Pittsburg dispatches told of a man named A. Yokum, who died in that city and whose heirs found currency amounting to $75,000 in a safety deposit vault of a Pittsburg bank. Yokum was a driller and contractor and for a number of years lived at Derrick City. While in that town he lived at the Ross house. The discovery of such a large amount of currency was an agreeable surprise to the man's relatives as none of them supposed that he was in possession of such an amount of money.

—Mildred G. Dunbar, the popular and efficient young postmistress of Crosby, Pa., has resigned the office at that place. Miss Dunbar has served as postmistress the past three years; as secertary of the Crosby grange three years and is now Lecturer of that lodge. She has always taken an active interest in all things of benefit to the people and she will be missed by her many friends in that vicinity. Miss Dunbar has been offered a good position and will undoubtedly take up postoffice work again.

—It is said that County Detective E. W. Jones made a call at a house in this borough located only a short distance from the court house and found conditions such, that he advised two young ladies who were staying at the place to leave town at once and also told the woman of the house that she had better make preparations to move in the near future. Our county sleuth seems to be of the opinion that the morals of this place are not quite up to the standard that should be maintained under the shadow of the statute of Justice.

—A. N. Heard, representing the Commonwealth Humane society with headquarters at Bradford, Pa., went to a McKean county town yesterday to investigate a case of cruelty. A number of small children whose mother has for some time been dead, have been scantily clad this winter and their wretched condition was reported to Mr. Heard. He found that the children were not properly clothed and notified the father as to his duties in the matter. If the children are not made more comfortable legal action will be resorted to and the little ones taken from the father's custody. A woman who is a relative of the children is in charge of them, says Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Negotiations were completed Monday afternoon for the transfer of the interest of R. H. Fox, in the St. James hotel to W. A. Hopley, who will in the future till the duties of manager. Mrs. Fox, who for many yeas has assisted in the management of the hotel, will retain her interest and accustomed place in the establishment. Mr. Hopley states that it will be his aim to give the public first class service and accomodations and to keep the hotel up to its past excellent standard. He was formerly connected with the business office of the hotel and is therefore, familiar with the duties of the position which he has taken. An application will at once be made for the transfer of the hotel's license.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Failing to shoot his wife, Amanda, with a rifle, John McComb, A well known famer residing near West Lebanon, Indiana county, is alleged to have clubbed the woman to death in a fit of jealous rage. After killing the woman McComb sent his nine-year-old son, the only witness to the crime, to the neighbors. He went himself to another neighbor's home where he attempted suicide by hanging. He was cut down in an unconscious condition. He was lodged in jail at Indiana on Monday and held for the coroner's inquest. Both McComb and his wife were members of good families. An investigation by Coroner James Hammers shows that McComb was probably unjustly jealous of a young man named Slusser.

—Through a most remarkable operation, the first of its kind, the eyesight of Dr. William Copley Winslow, noted archaeologist, historical writer and former Episcopal minister, has been restored at Boston. In place of the natural lens of the eye he now has a glass lens, which performs the functions of the natural lens that the surgeons removed. Four years ago Dr. Winslow's sight failed and cataracts were found to be forming over the eyes. These continued until he was blind. Dr. Frederick Spaulding, a prominent specialist, operated upon him in the Bessey hospital. The cataracts and the lenses of the eyes were removed. Then there was substituted the glass lenses which flashes to the brain the picture upon which the eye rests. Without the glass lenses there is nothing but a glare of light. The operation, remarkable as it is, is more so when it is considered that Dr. Winslow is 71 years old. In his home Dr. Winslow pointed out objects on the Charles river that could not be distinguished by the reporter who talked with him.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dan Cooper was in Bradford Monday.

Prothonotary B. F. Starsky spent Sunday in Bradford.

Col. Melville Gillett is in Ohio on business this week.

J.M. Hilton of Bradford was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Hon. J. W. Bouton, F. D. Gallup and Warley Gifford were in Bradford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick are visiting friends in Harrisburg and Baltimore.

C. M. Colegrove and John Rooney were business visitors in Bradford Monday.

Miss Anna Haley of Bradford, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haley this week.

W. P. Mitchell left Tuesday for Buffalo where he entered a hospital for treatment.

Frank Mosier and Vincent Keating of St. Marys were visitors in town this morning.

George McCarthy and daughter, Madaline, of St. Marys are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton is visiting her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellingsfeldt returned home Thursday after a four months' visit in Baltimore.

Mrs. W. D. Morey was in Portville, N. Y., Saturday to attend the funeral of Frank Aldrich.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond of Mt. Jewett attended the Firemen's banquet Tuesday evening.

W. G. Shoemaker of Buffalo is spending a few days in town among the friends of his boyhood.

E. E. Heath and D. M. Brasted left yesterday morning on a business mission to Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill returned home Saturday evening from a visit to Buffalo.

Hon. James A. McKean and H. C. Wells attended the funeral of Jas. D. McGowan at Kane on Saturday last.

County Treasurer F. P. Isherwood attended the funeral of Hon. S. B. Dresser in Bradford on Sunday last.

W. H. Jenkins of Elmira, N. Y., is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. D. Morey.

A. L. Ives of Kane was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Kerns of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. D. M. Brasted this week.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Mrs. E. A. Studholme, left this morning for a visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughters, Hazel and Alberta, of Hornell, N. Y., visited at the home of their son and brother, W. B. Hopper, over Sunday. Mrs. Hopper will stay in town for the balance of the week.

Dr. W. A. Otsrander, accompanied County Commissioners A. M. Marsh and John A. Peterson to Warren on Tuesday where he will assist in the examination of McKean county patients who are in the State hospital for the insane.

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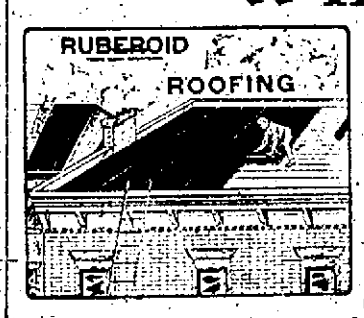

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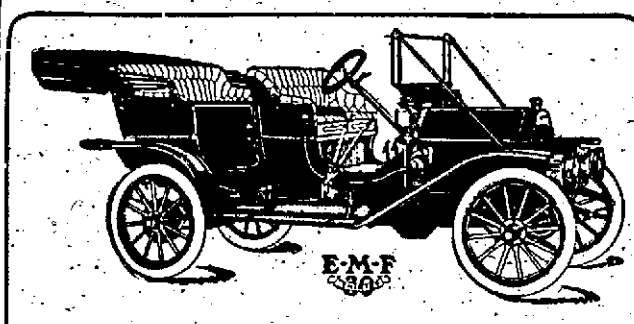

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F. W. BROWNELL

The Sky-Man

By Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army, in disgrace, his affection for his intimate friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turned to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine, consisting of a pair of great wings, whose motive force is the muscular power of his own body. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe.

CHAPTER II.—He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making a search ashore. He volunteers to make a search of the land. After he departs Jeanne finds that Cayley had dropped a curiously-shaped stick.

CHAPTER III.—Unknown to those on the yacht, Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, a member of the crew, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous lode of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party, and at the approach of the steamer had removed all signs of habitation. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold.

CHAPTER IV.—Jeanne tells her guardian, Mr. Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley as proof that it was not a dream. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Tom tells Jeanne of Cayley's disgrace. Perry Hunter is found murdered.

CHAPTER V.—Cayley, the sky-man, visits the yacht. He is accused of the murder of Hunter, and the throwing-stick is produced as evidence against him. He denies the charge and tells of seeing a group of men with Hunter when he was slain. Jeanne accuses Cayley of her faith in him, having discovered that the throwing-stick was made for a left-handed man, while the sky-man is right-handed.

CHAPTER VI.—A relief party is sent ashore to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne, after a quarrel with her over the sky-man. Jeanne is shocked at the revelation, as she had always regarded Tom as a brother. Later Tom searches for Jeanne, and finds her missing from the yacht. Roscoe and his gang board the yacht and Tom is knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VII.—Jeanne rows ashore in a small boat. She enters an abandoned hut, and on finding evidence of its previous occupancy by her father, is overcome. In a rough wood box Jeanne finds her father's diary. In the last entry Fielding says that he fears Roscoe intends to kill him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Roscoe and his men stow the loot and get ready to sail. The ruffian, fearing Cayley may return for Jeanne, scatters feathers indicating a return to the wood box, and Roscoe sees them. He sees Jeanne reading her father's diary, and thinks he has killed her. Jeanne leaves the hut and Roscoe starts for her, intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees in terror. He hears shots from the Aurora.

CHAPTER IX.—Cayley and Jeanne also hear the shots. Jeanne's boat is missing. They return to the hut to pass the night. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER X.—Next morning they find that the yacht has disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.—Captain Warner of the Aurora declares to Fanshaw and his son that it is impossible to return for Jeanne, that the vessel would be crushed by the ice floes. Dying, Captain Planck tells of Roscoe's plans to capture the yacht. The ruffian's presence on the shore adds to Fanshaw's anxiety about Jeanne. The only ray of hope is that Cayley is with her.

CHAPTER XII.—Cayley assures Jeanne of his confidence in the recapture of the yacht by Fanshaw's people. An entry in her father's diary reveals to Jeanne the seriousness of their situation and the hopelessness of immediate rescue.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Fielding's Gospel.

Side by side, upon that great sheepskin, they sat, those two people, in the very lap of death. A reasonable estimate of their chances would give them, perhaps, a week to live. With exceptional fortune, that week might stretch itself into a month. The great blue spirit of the arctic would darken to purple, and to black. The icy hand of the savage polar winter would get its clutches upon them. They had nothing to resist it with. No stores of ammunition or of food. No clothing, except what they wore. No fuel, save what they could contrive to gather along the talus before the winter gales would make further search impossible.

Neither Jeanne nor Cayley was of a sort to face the prospect of that death with resignation. They were young, intensely alive, and with Jeanne, at least, the best and biggest part of life lay, or had lain until yesterday, in a broad open road before her. But a prospect like the one that lay before them brings its own anaesthetic with it. It was so utterly hopeless that it became unreal. The face of the future, into which she had cast just one horrified glance, was so hideous that to the girl, at least, it was like some monster mask of carnival—too grotesquely horrible to be taken seriously.

That is partly the reason why she succeeded in surprising Cayley by sitting down to breakfast with him in the same mood and spirit which she had shown before when she did not know.

"I'm about half famished," she said as they began their meal, "at least that duck smells perfectly irresistible. It's done to a turn, I think. In a way, it's rather a joke that we should begin our arctic privations with a roast duck."

"There's something queer about that hut," he said, "something that gets queerer the more I think about it. Why do you suppose the Walrus people abandoned it? Or, rather, do you suppose they did abandon it? They couldn't have built another house without dismantling this one. There are no trees on this land to furnish timber, and there certainly isn't any hardware store where they could have those doors swung on hinges. But those doors swung on hinges last night and the bolt worked, and, more or less, the walls and roof kept out the gale. For this style of architecture it's in pretty good repair."

The girl was only half convinced.

"That great heap of stones in there," she began, "doesn't look like good repair or recent habitation."

"No it doesn't," he rejoined. "It's been made to look as little that way as possible. It wouldn't have got into that condition otherwise in 100 years. Come, let's have a look. It's something to hope for, at any rate."

She followed him a little perplexed.

"To hope for?" she repeated questioningly.

He had already entered the hut, and did not at once volunteer any further explanation, but from the shine of excitement she could see in his eyes, it was evident that he contemplated something better than merely holding death at arms' length for a little while.

To the girl's eyes there was but little about the interior of the hut to account for such a hope, even though she saw that all of the things he had said about it were true. The flimsy inner doors were still hinged to their frames, and were provided with a miscellaneous assortment of catches. It was marine hardware, all of it, evidently from her father's ship, the Phoenix. The bunks and shelves which lined the walls looked perfectly solid, and well built. But the general appearance of the room presented a look of disrepair. It was absolutely unfurnished. The great heap of smoke blackened stones, of various sizes and shapes, and the hole in the roof above them, attested that they had once been a fire-place.

From the forlorn aspect of the room the girl gladly turned her eyes away and stood looking at Cayley instead. He had been sweeping the walls, roof and floor in a general survey. Now, abruptly, he went over to the heap of stones, picked up one of them, rubbed his thumb over it and scrutinized, with an air of considerable interest, the black smear it left.

"That would account for the driftwood," he said absently.

At that he might have seen in the girl's face a look of half-amused impatience, but his abstraction was too deep for him to notice it.

He walked over to one of the side walls, pulled open what proved to be a big solid shutter, revealing a glazed window, and, for a long while, stood there, unconscious of the look the girl had turned upon him, unconscious of his present surroundings.

"Yes, something to hope for, certainly." He turned away from the window as he said it, and strolled at the "A good here—a good deal to have that when the relief come back next summer they'll find you here alive."

"If you say so, I'll believe it," said the girl, "because you told me the truth before. But do you mind telling me why?"

"I should have thought of it sooner. I should have noticed it last night. My guess was right, that's all. This is not an abandoned hut. Don't you see, it's in almost perfect repair? The hinges on this shutter work, although if you look closely you can see that some one gave a tug at them not long ago in an attempt to pull them out. And that patch on the wall was put on within a month. The men who wrecked this placed worked hastily and showed no great degree of imagination. They hadn't much time, you see, because they couldn't have begun until they caught their first glimpse of the yacht. They had finished the job before they could send a party ashore."

"But why in the world should they do such a thing?" the girl protested.

He shook his head. "I haven't worked that out yet, not fully, at any rate. After all, it's not the question that concerns us."

"I'm still in a maze about it. What did you mean about the drift wood?"

"Why, the soot on these stones showed me that. They haven't been burning drift wood in this fire-place. They've been burning coal—or oil, perhaps. I hadn't thought of that. That's why the drift wood collected again out there on the talus. You remember your father speaks of having used it all? There have been a dozen men living here ever since, and they didn't need it. So they must have had some other sort of fuel."

"You mean they've got a supply somewhere—hidden?"

He nodded. "Not only a supply of fuel, but of food, too. You remember your father also speaks of having his larder completely stocked for the winter at this time? Well, these fellows weren't expecting any relief. They must have stocked their larder, too.—Of course," he went on a moment later, "I realized vaguely all along that there must be stores somewhere here on the land because men were living here, but on the theory that they had abandoned the beach and were living in some undiscovered part of the mainland, our chance of finding

"You'd Better Take Belt and Holster and All."

them would be like trying to find Point Barrow in a fog. But you see, if they kept them here in these huts, and then hid them when they caught sight of the yacht, while they may be well hidden, they can't be far away. There wouldn't have been time to move them far; certainly not over the glacier and into the interior there. It must all be hidden somewhere, here on the coast. When we find that hiding place, we shall probably find all the stores we need for the winter."

"Then, I suppose, the next thing for us to do is to go out and find it."

"Not quite the next thing. Unless we have exceptional luck, we can hardly hope to find it for several days; it may take a fortnight, and we must have some temporary security first. In the meantime there is no telling what sort of weather we will have. It's rather late for these beautiful, mild days, I fancy. No, the first thing to do is to rebuild this fireplace and bring in a lot of drift wood and all those birds that were killed last night by flying against the cliff. When we have made this hut habitable against a spell of 50 below zero weather, such as we're likely to have at any time, and have accumulated stores of fuel and food for a few days then we'll begin our search. I had better get to work at once. I think I can rebuild this fire-place by myself. Will you go and begin carrying in fire wood, and as many of those ducks and geese and loons as you can find there along the talus?"

She nodded, and turned to leave the hut. "Take the revolver with you," he called after her.

At that she halted abruptly in the doorway. "Why should I have it any more than you?" Then, answering the smile with one of her own, she added: "I suppose a well-trained crew doesn't demand reasons for the captain's orders—only—"

"There's a perfectly good reason. I'm working in the shelter, and you in the open. Besides that, I'm stronger and I have my sheath knife. If I were attacked by anything I could give a better account of myself than you could. You'd better take belt and holster and all, and buckle it right 'round your waist."

When Philip finally had his fireplace rebuilt, in a temporary fashion which he thought would serve till greater leisure should allow him to perfect it, he stepped outside the hut and looked first down and then up the shore in search for her, and was disappointed at finding her nowhere in sight.

She must be dreadfully tired, he thought, and with that thought decided to set out to find her. First, however, he transferred the remnants of the fire from the flat stone before the hut to his newly constructed hearth, heaped on more wood and noted, with satisfaction, that his makeshift chimney drew well and did not smoke intolerably. He had discovered an empty cask under a heap of rubbish in the storeroom and this he filled with chunks of ice and set by the fire to melt.

Five minutes later he was just a wheeling, glinting, sun-bathed speck in the amber air, the thrilling, pinging, winelike air. He had taken to his wings, upon leaving the hut, simply because they offered him the quickest, easiest way of finding Jeanne.

Suddenly he was flying downward, as fast as gravity and his great wings would take him. Drenched with the sweat of a sudden terror, cleaving the air so fast that the sound of its whining rose to a scream through his taut rigging. Down he slanted, seaward a little, past the end of the great headland. Then, with the sudden exertion of all his strength, upon one lowered wing, the other flashing high like the stroke of a scimitar, in the curve of the shortest possible arc, he shot landward, pounced, checked, and alighted not far from the girl.

She had been seated upon a broken ledge of rock when he had first caught sight of her. She was in act of getting to her feet when he alighted, not a half dozen paces away.

She had been pale, but her color had come back now in a sudden surge. She was breathing unsteadily and her hands were clasped against her breast. "You—you mustn't fly like that," she said. "If you had been an eagle, the way you wheeled and came rushing down out of the sky would have terrified me. I shut my eyes in order not to see you killed."

He did not answer her at once, and she, looking intently into his face, went on. "You know it was dangerous. You thought yourself that you were going to be killed. I can see the horror of it in your eyes."

"Well, so did you, for that matter," he questioned pointedly. "You were in danger, hidden danger, and in terror at it. That was what frightened me, that sudden knowledge. I came down, fearing I should be too late."

"I had a fright," she admitted; "but I don't see how you could know. I'm very sure I didn't cry out."

"No, I heard nothing, no sound at all. I just knew, and so I came to you as fast as I could. What was it that frightened you?"

"Nothing at all, I imagine. I was sitting here on the ledge, looking at that wonderful sky, and all at once I found I was growing afraid. I didn't know what it was about, at all. I suppose it was just because I was a little tired and had begun to realize that I was a long way from—from home. I had come around the headland, not really to look for more firewood, but in the hope that I might happen to find a clue to where the stores are hidden; and, as I said, suddenly it seemed a long way back and I began to find myself afraid. And then, being afraid, I—well, I thought I saw something moving up there behind the rocks—something big, bigger than a man, and whitish-yellow."

His eyes followed the direction in which she had pointed, but could make out nothing in the deep, vibrant blue shadows.

"That's likely enough," he told her. "It was probably a bear. If it was, we're in luck. I'll come back by and by and go gunning for him. But first, I'm going to take you—home."

She had used the word before, but in what sense he was not entirely sure; and she had undoubtedly used it not more than half consciously. At any rate, when he said it now she flushed a little, and so did he, and their eyes, meeting, brightened suddenly.

Silently he turned away from her and began furling up his wings, and she helped him, as he had helped him that other time, even to and tried to convince her that he was not a dragon.

When it was done, they set out slowly, in the deepening twilight, for the hut.

"It's very good of you to walk down here with me," she said, "you who could fly."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Red-Bound Book.

As the thing they had reached the headland, the whole beach before them was enveloped in the sapphire shadow of the cliff, and the little cluster of huts toward which they were trudging was hardly distinguishable. It was not until they had halved the distance that the girl made out the little plume of rose-colored smoke that floated above Philip's newly constructed chimney.

But the next instant he laid a hand upon her arm and, with the other, pointed imperatively down the beach toward the hut. "Whether you saw him before, or not," he said, with a short grim laugh, "you can see him now."

Looking where he pointed, she saw a big, yellowish-white, unwieldy thing come lumbering round the corner of the hut upon all fours.

"A bear," he said, "and a good big one. You're not to be afraid. This is really unmerited good luck."

"Aren't they dangerous, these polar bears?" she asked.

In his answering laugh she heard the ring of rising excitement. "I won't deny," he said, "that if I had my way about it, I'd have you safely shut up inside the hut there before I tried conclusions with him. Give me the revolver, and take care to keep out of the line of fire. If you see a chance to slip inside the hut, do it. And don't assume that he's dead until I tell you so. These polar bears have

Tottered Forward and Collapsed in a Heap.

no nerves at all. You can't shock them. They don't stop until you have put their locomotor facilities completely out of business."

She was smiling when she handed him the revolver. "Here's luck," she said. "Don't be afraid for me."

Cayley smiled, too. "Keep behind me, but not so far that you're in any danger of getting cut off in case I have to dance around him a little. There he's winded us already."

Cayley turned for a last look at her. He had slipped his bundled wings from his back and laid them on the ice. He was still smiling, but somewhat ironically. "I'm half afraid he'll run away," he said, "and half afraid he won't."

The next instant all doubt on that head was set at rest. The monster hissed and came lumbering toward them, pretty rapidly, across the ice.

Cayley advanced slowly to meet him, but not in a direct line. Instead, he bore off in a curve to the left. The girl understood the maneuver instantly, and, herself, set out leftward at a brisk pace, moving in the arc of a circle, parallel to his but larger, in such a way as to keep the bear, Philip and herself, as all three moved in different directions, in a straight line.

They quartered round in this way, the bear swerving in well toward Philip, until all three were in a line, about equidistant from the hut, Philip and the bear, were, perhaps, a dozen paces apart. Without turning, he called over his shoulder to her, "Now run for it—for the hut. I'll keep him amused out here."

At the sound of his voice the bear rushed him. The girl had never in her life found anything so hard to do as to obey orders now. But she did obey and was running at top speed toward the open door of the hut when she heard Cayley fire for the first time. Just as she reached it, she heard his second shot. When she turned about, panting, to observe the result of it, the two seemed to her to be at horribly close quarters. The bear, reared up on his hind legs, had just lunged forward.

He sprang back clear of the flashing, scythelike cut of those terrible claws. A little to the girl's surprise and considerably to her alarm, he turned and went sprinting up the beach toward the talus, at full speed, the bear wounded, but not in the least disabled, lumbering after him.

It takes a fast runner to outrun a bear, but Cayley did it. When he reached the foot of the talus, the bear was 20 paces behind him. She saw him stop short, whirl round again and face his pursuer with a shout.

The bear also checked his speed and reared up once more, towering upon his hind legs. Then Cayley fired twice, the shots coming so close together as to be hardly distinguishable. One or both of them took instantaneous effect. The great yellowish-white mass tottered forward, and collapsed in a heap only a pace or two from where Philip was standing.

He waved his hand at the girl, and walked back for his wings. When she met him, half way up the beach, he was carefully taking the spent shells out of his revolver, one at a time, and depositing them in his pocket. "No telling how they may prove useful," he commented; then, with a quick look into her face, "I hope you weren't frightened when you saw me run."

"I suppose I shouldn't have been, but I'll have to confess that I was. You weren't trying to get away from him, or you wouldn't have run in that direction. But it looked rather dreadful, just the same. Why did you do it?"

"We were too far down the beach, too near the water's edge before. It was too late to skin him, and put him up tonight, and I was afraid if a storm were to come up before morning, a really big storm, we might lose him. It was a lot easier to get him up the beach before I fired those last two shots than it would have been after. I thought at first of running toward the hut. It occurred to me, only just in time, that there was no use in making an obstacle of our front yard."

They had reached the hut, and as he finished speaking, they entered it. Even Philip caught his breath, rather suddenly with that first glance about its transformed interior. The driftwood fire, which glowed upon the hearth, filled the whole room with light, and bathed the walls and rafters with warm colors.

Here was their fortress—against the cold and the dark; a fortress, too, against despair. That rude hearth which he had built today was to be their altar of hope.

The girl stood looking at it a moment in silence, her lips pressed tight together, one outstretched hand groping for the door-jamb behind her, as if she wanted the support of something. Even in this warm, firelight she looked a little pale. By an evident effort of will she was breathing very deep and steadily. She did not try to speak.

Cayley understood well enough what it meant. This place that they had come back to for the night was home now, probably the last home she would ever have in the world, if one were to balance the chances fairly. Its warmth and light and comparative comfort did more to enforce a realization of their tragic plight than anything before had done. The thing she was fighting with was a sudden wave of plain terror.

Cayley went out into the little vestibule and closed and bolted the outer door. He contrived to waste a minute or two over the trifling task, in order to give her that moment by herself.

When he came back, closing the inner door behind him as he did so, he found that she had taken off her cap and the heavy fur coat which had encumbered her shoulders all day, and hung them upon a convenient wooden peg in the wall. She was standing near the fireplace now, warming her cold fingers at the blaze.

Cayley started a little at sight of her, for now she was transformed, too. Standing there, silhouetted against the blaze, in her gray cardigan jacket and moleskins, she looked like a young boy. He had discovered before this that there was not a grain of false modesty about her; nevertheless, it pleased him when, with a certain charming frank simplicity, she called his attention to her costume.

"It's a lucky thing," she observed, "that I dressed for a scramble over the ice before coming ashore with Uncle Jerry and Mr. Scales. And lucky, too, that I didn't change back when we returned to the Aurora. I left it the second time with no other idea than of pulling about for awhile in the dinghy. I'd have done that just

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Secretary of the Commonwealth—John G. Ames.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

Judicial and County.
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Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
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Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Register—J. E. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
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Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
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District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

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Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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W. I. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 338, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Authority degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree or second; 2nd degree and third, and 3d degree on fourth meeting.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
L. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARR, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. DAYLE, W. M.
MRS. B. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
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CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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quite same if I had dressed for dinner that night, as I usually did."

"Yes," he said. "A skirt would have been a pretty serious matter to people in our situation."

"Show me the rest of our house," she commanded presently. "This is the only room I've seen."

The subdivision of the hut was accomplished by an L-shaped partition seven feet or so from the outer wall, around two sides of it. It yielded two tiny, cubical bedrooms (that was the purpose which the wooden bunk in each of them indicated); and a third room of the same width (about seven feet), but running the entire length of the side of the hut nearest the cliff. This room had evidently served for stores and for a kitchen, since part of the reconstructed fireplace projected into it. It was in this last room where the greater part of what the searchers from the Aurora had dismissed as "rubbish" was accumulated.

Cayley did as the girl commanded, and showed her every nook and cupboard which the four walls of the hut contained. When they returned to the living room where the fire was, she dropped down on one of the bunks with a little sigh of fatigue.

"You've been disobeying orders," he said, looking her over with a serious sort of smile. "You've let yourself get too tired. You'll have to make up for it by being exceptionally obedient now."

As he spoke, he shook out the sleeping-bag on the bunk, behind where she was sitting.

"You're to lie down on that," he said, "until I can get supper ready; and directly after supper you're to take this bag into whichever of those bedrooms you would like for yours, and really undress and go to bed."

She assented to that after a little demur. That he had rightly guessed the degree of her fatigue was attested by the fact that when he re-entered the hut after dressing the fowl that was to provide their evening meal, he found her cuddled up upon the great sheepskin, fast asleep.

It was not until his rudimentary culinary operations were about completed that, glancing over to where she lay, he found her regarding him with a sleepy smile.

"I thought of something just as I was dropping off to sleep," she said, "a really beautiful idea. I tried to call out and tell you, but I was too sleepy. I hope I haven't lost it. It was something about—oh, I know.

Don't you suppose we might find a clue to where the stores are hidden in father's journal or in the maps?"

He laid down the drum-stick he had been about to bite into, and gazed at her, partly in astonishment, partly in a sort of amused dismay that the idea had not occurred to him before. "That suggestion," he said, "is worth the whole of my day's work. Of course that's the way to begin our search—the only way, and tomorrow morning—"

"Tomorrow morning! I thought the worst thing you could possibly say would be after supper. I wanted to let the duck go and begin the search now." She smiled at him. "You'll compromise, won't you, on directly after supper?"

He assented with a laugh. "If you can keep awake, but the first time I catch you nodding—"

"All right," she said, "only let's hurry with the duck." Then, a little later, "It can't be possible, can it, that we're going to eat the whole of it at one meal? It's beginning to look that way."

There was one compensation to the rudeness of their fare and the exiguity of their equipment. Clearing up after dinner was an operation of extreme simplicity.

When it was completed, Philip heaped more wood on the fire, and in the glow of the crackling flames they spread out the maps and began their search.

"I believe," said Cayley, "that the journal will be worth more than the maps in this search of ours tonight. Anyway, while you work one I can work the other."

She nodded, picked up the journal and crossed over with it to another of the bunks. There she seated herself, tucked her feet up comfortably under her, tailor-fashion, and, propping her chin upon one palm, began to read. The light coming from behind her made, to Cayley's vision, a misty halo of her hair, and played softly over the cheek and the fingers that were half embedded in it.

The sight of her made it hard for him to stick to his maps. But presently he looked up with a sudden question. "Do you happen to find anything—" he began, and then broke off shortly.

From her face, half-shaded as it was, he could see that what she had been reading just then was no mere description of this land upon which they had been cast away, but something far more personal to the father she had lost here.

"There's something perfectly terrifying," she said, "about father's description of this man Roscoe. Over here near the end, before the sun came back to them, he tells of going out for a walk by himself and of discovering that Roscoe was stalking him, in the hope, he thought, of discovering, in advance of the others, where the gold ledge was. In the twilight, father says, he looked, in his white bear-skins, perfectly enormous and incredible. And Philip—"

She closed the book, holding it tight in both hands, and leaning forward a little as she went on, "and Philip, his description sounds—oh, I suppose it's silly, but it sounds like the thing I thought I saw today when I was alone there on the beach, before you came flying down out of the sky. It didn't look like a bear. It wouldn't have been so dreadful if it had."

"It's possible," he said gravely, "it may have been he whom I frightened off when I came down last night. Certainly there was somebody, and that somebody may still be here on shore, though I supposed he had gone out to join in the attack on the yacht. But it's very strange, if there is any one, that we could have passed a whole day without encountering him."

The girl shivered; then, with a shake of her head as if dismissing the uncanny thought from her mind, said: "You started to ask me about something else, and I interrupted."

It took him a moment to collect his thoughts. "Oh, yes. There's something marked here on this map which I took at first for the location of the hut, but it appears now that it was marked before they built it. I wonder if, in the early pages of the journal, there was a description of any natural formation about here like a cave, or—"

She made as if to open the book, then, suddenly, changed her intention and held it out to him, instead.

"I haven't been playing fair," she said. "I wasn't really looking for anything. I was just reading stories and dreaming over them. It's his handwriting, I think, that makes it so hard to be good. It's—well, almost like hearing his voice. Won't you work the book and the maps and give me something to do—with my hands, I mean!—oh, I know I'm tired, but that doesn't matter."

Cayley's first impulse was to refuse, but it needed only one thoughtful look into her face to convince him that the kindest, as well as the wisest, thing was to do as she asked. An uncanny horror of the monstrous Roscoe and the appalling idea that he, and perhaps others of his gang, might be sharing the solitude of this frozen coast with them was plainly to be read in her eyes, and her own prescription for dispelling it was probably the best that could be thought of.

With a nod of assent, he rose and went into the storeroom, returning the next moment with an armful of heavy rope.

"In the old days of wooden ships," he said, "when they wanted to discipline a sailor, they set him to picking oakum. Next to pounding rust off the anchor, it's the dullest job in the world. But we need some for caulking up the cracks in our walls. Do you mind?"

"Mind!" she echoed. "Did you think I wanted to do embroidery?"

He showed her how the work was to be done, and in five minutes she was busily engaged at it. She had moved to another bunk, a little further from the fire, and he, with innocent artifice, had contrived that the big soft sleeping-bag should be spread out under her.

Meanwhile he plunged into a systematic search, through journal and maps, for the thing that was to spell either life or death for them.

At the end of an hour he looked up suddenly, an exclamation of triumph on his lips. But at the sight of her, it died out in a smile. She had slipped down on the sleeping-bag, her head cradled in the crook of one arm. And she was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

Discoveries.

The sunlight of another crystalline day had made a path of gold across the floor and half way up the wall when Philip roused himself from what he had intended to make the merest

"Why—What's the Matter, Philip?"

cat-nap on one of the bunks, and with difficulty rubbed his eyes open. The savour of something good to eat was already in his nostrils.

Jeanne, with her back to him, was bending over the fire, busy with the breakfast. She heard him stirring, and looked around.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to bang that pan down that way: I meant you to go on sleeping for hours and hours."

Looking fairly at him as he sat there on the bunk she saw his hands clutch tightly over the edge of it; saw the color go ebbing out of his face and then come surging back again. She had seen him do that once before.

"Why—what's the matter, Philip?" she asked.

"It's just the wonder of you," he said slowly; "of waking up to find you here, busy about this home of our—as it—as if it were all true. I've been very deep asleep."

"You'd better get ready for breakfast," she said, in a tone whose matter-of-fact inflection was a little exaggerated. "It's nearly ready."

When they had finished, and while they still sat face to face across the board plank which had served them for a table, Cayley leaned forward a little and, smiling, asked a question.

"What's the secret, Jeanne? Your eyes have been shining with mystery ever since we sat down here."

She laughed. "You're much too penetrating. I didn't mean you even to dream there was a mystery to penetrate. But—well, it's time to tell you now, any way."

She, too, leaned forward a little and shook her head at him with a tantalising air of triumph.

"You didn't find the thing you were looking for last night in father's journal—the place where they hid the stores, I mean."

"Oh, but I did!" he cried. "I only waited to give you time to eat a necessary and sensible breakfast before I spoke of it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we set about finding it in good earnest, when I saw, in your eyes, that you had a mystery of your own."

It was evident from the look in those eyes now that she was both surprised and puzzled.

"You found it last night!" she exclaimed. "Found it in the journal, and then never went to look at it!"

"Why, I found an unmistakable reference to it, and though the exact location wasn't given, it was plain that three or four hours' exploring by daylight would enable us to find it. But even if I hadn't minded leaving you asleep here, unprotected, in the hut, I doubt very much if I could have found it at night. But what's the mystery you were about to reveal to me?"

"No," she said; "tell me more about your discovery first. What was the reference in the journal?"

He rose and took down from the shelf the big leather-bound volume which was proving itself, with every hour, their greatest treasure.

"It's over here, toward the end," he said, "in that last winter when the Walrus came—oh, here we are."

He seated himself on the bunk beside her, and began to read.

"'March 10th.—We have just spent an arduous and fearful week upon the task of unloading the wreck of the whaler. The weather has been severe—bitterly cold (—10 degrees Fahrenheit being the mildest) and three-quarters of a gale blowing most of the time. The men are inclined to be rebellious over my driving them out to work in such weather, but I dared not wait for it to moderate.

"'When the ice opens round the whaler, she will go down like a plummet; and if that event should have happened before we unloaded her of her stores, our plight would have been utterly desperate. Of stores in the ordinarily accepted sense, she had not a scanty supply, and those of a miserably inferior description; but she contained half a cargo of whale oil in barrels, which now that they are landed will settle the problem of fuel for us as long as the last survivor of our company can hope to remain alive. And fuel is, after all, the only necessity which this land itself does not supply us with. Of course we shall have to forego the delights of bear steak when our ammunition gives out, but walruses we can kill with harpoons. And with these and scurvy-grass, which we gather in the valley every summer, there is no danger of actual starvation.

"'We hoisted the barrels of blubber out of the whaler's hold with a hand tackle, sledged them ashore along the floe and the crown of the glacier to Moseley's cave, which seemed to be the most convenient place to store them temporarily.'"

Cayley laid down the book and turned to the girl.

"That's the place, I'm perfectly sure," he said. "It evidently faces the glacier, but it must be very near the beach, for they wouldn't have hauled those barrels any further than necessary."

"Is that all he says about it?"

"It's all he says directly, but there's a reference just a little further along which made me all the surer I was right. Let's see."

He opened the book again and ran his eye down the page. "'—A hundredweight or so of spermaceti and two barrels of sperm oil we took directly to the hut'—here, this is what I was looking for.

"'The knowledge we get by experience often comes too late to be of any great service to us. I made some mistakes in stripping the Phoenix, which I should not repeat now. For instance, carrying her pilot house, with infinite labor, up to the cliff-head for an observatory. It is thoroughly impracticable for this purpose. I doubt if I have visited it three times since Mr. Moseley's death—'"

"He was the astronomer and botanist of father's expedition," said the girl.

Cayley read on: "'But now that I have learned my lesson, I have but little to apply the knowledge to. The Walrus is, I believe, the most utterly wretched hulk that ever sailed the seas—ill-found, detestably dirty and literally rotting to pieces. We shall, however, get enough planks and timbers out of her to build a shed or two near the hut, for the more convenient storage of our supplies.'"

Again he closed the book. "That's what I was looking for," he said. "You see they brought that stuff down from the cave to these sheds; so the cave would be almost inevitably the first hiding place they would think of when the sight of the Aurora drove them to hustle everything out of sight."

"Whereabout on the cliff is the observatory, Philip?"

"I was wondering about that. I've flown across the cliff a number of times, but have never seen anything of it. He may have wrecked it; taken it down and used it for some other purpose."

"No," she said; "he'd hardly have had time for that. There weren't many more pages to write in the journal when he made that entry."

She fell then into a little abstracted silence, which the man did not know how to break. But presently she roused herself and came fully back to the present, back to him.

"Did you succeed in accounting for the thing you asked me about last night, the mark on the map right here where they built the hut afterward?"

"I didn't find anything about it in the journal, but this morning, before breakfast, when I went outside the hut, one glance at the fact of the cliff accounted for it fully. The cliff is split right here, from top to bottom, by a deep, narrow fissure. The fissure is full of ice, which I suppose hasn't melted for a thousand years. No summer that they could have in a high latitude like this would ever melt it, certainly."

The girl laughed and rose from her place at the rude table.

"Well," she asked, "are you ready for my discovery now?"

She took down his pocket electric bull's-eye from the shelf behind her, held out a hand to him and, on tip-toe, led him, with a burlesque exaggeration of mystery, out into the storeroom. As completely mystified in reality as she playfully pretended to want him to be, Cayley followed.

She went straight across the storeroom to the rear wall of the hut, the wall that backed squarely against the sheer surface of the cliff, flashed on the bull's-eye for a second, apparently to make sure that she had chosen the right point in the wall; then, letting go his hand, she stooped and picked up a stick of fire-wood which lay at her feet. With this she struck pretty hard upon the planking. The sound which the blow gave forth was as hollow as a drum.

Cayley started. "A cave!" he exclaimed. "A cave here!—Oh, I see. It's a cold cellar they made by cutting a hole in the ice that filled the fissure. And why do you suppose they boarded it up?"

The girl laughed delightedly. Evidently she had not, as yet, developed the whole of her discovery. She flashed on the light again.

"Look!" she commanded.

In the center of a little circle of wall which the bull's-eye now illuminated Cayley saw the barrel of a rusty hinge.

"You see," she went on, "it's a door, and they only nailed it up the other day. There's a nail-head somewhere here that's quite bright. I caught the glint of it while I was rummaging before breakfast, and that was what made me look."

Cayley darted back into the living room, returning almost instantly with the broken-handled pick.

In less than a minute, with a protesting squawk, the rude door swung open, and they saw before them just what Cayley had predicted. A rather high, but narrow cavity, the sides of which were the naked rock of the cliff, but the floor and ceiling solid ice.

Despite the fact that the girl's excitement over the discovery of the cave had, for a moment, carried Cayley along with it, he was not greatly surprised, and not at all cast down when, at the end of five minutes of hasty exploration, it was made evident to them that the ample supply of stores which they sought was not to be found here.

Jeanne herself would not, perhaps, have entertained so high a hope had she learned of the reference to the other cave which Cayley found in the journal before she herself had chanced upon the mouth of this one. As it was, his theory that the stores were to be found in a cave vaguely situated along the glacier, made little impression upon her, she was so sure that they had been right here, under their hands.

When their investigation made it clear that whether he was right or not, certainly she was wrong, she was bitterly disappointed. Cayley was aware of that, even as they stood here, side by side, with no light to see her face by. She said nothing, or very little, but he knew, nevertheless, that for just this moment all the life and courage had gone out of her; knew that the slight figure there, so close beside him, was drooping, trembling a little.

He laid a steady hand upon her shoulder. Almost instantly, under his touch, she turned to him, caught with both hands at the unbuttoned edges of the rough woolen jacket he wore, and, sobbing a little now and then, but otherwise in silence, simply clung to him.

He did not offer, with his arms, to draw her any closer, to turn what was a mere instinctive appeal to the protection of his strength and courage, into an embrace. He kept a hand on each of her shoulders, more by way of support than anything else, and waited a moment before he spoke.

"After all," he said at last, "what we've got here is just so much clear gain, and it will be immensely valuable to us, though it isn't what we expected. The fact that it is their superfluity, the things they hadn't any particular or immediate use for, doesn't make what we've found here any the less valuable to us. That pile of bear skins there will supply what is, at this moment, the most vital of our wants. That big sack appears to contain feathers; and those walrus tusks will serve any number of purposes—forks and spoons for one thing. As to that great lump of spermaceti, it will keep us supplied with candles all through the winter. I can't imagine why they didn't use it themselves, except on the theory that the longer they lived here, the more they grew like beasts; the more content with the beast's habit of life, and the more inert about taking the trouble to provide themselves with such of the comforts and decencies of life as they might have had. So you see, we may find among the things they had no use for the very odes that will help us most."

The cutting in the ice did not go very far back in the fissure, and they were soon at the end of it, and without having made any new discovery of importance, either. There was a

Simply Clung to Him.

little of cast-off articles of various sorts, chiefly clothing which future privations might make useful to them. There was a great frozen lump of brownish green vegetation, which they afterward identified as the edible scurvy grass to which Captain Fielding had referred in his journal.

That was all, or they thought it was, but just as they were about to retrace their steps to the hut, Cayley happened to glance up. The roof of the cave was not very much higher than it had to be to permit him to stand erect in it, something under seven feet; but here, at the further end of it he saw a circular, chimney-like hole, about two feet in diameter, leading straight upward through the solid ice in the fissure.

(To be continued.)

Gossip.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot, "Daniel Deronda."

Comparative Riches.

He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine!—Jeremy Taylor.

Where Time Doesn't Count.

A party of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station after the train had left, and, being asked the reason, one of the men replied, "Oh, sahib, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

"Portrait of a Gentleman."

The Professor—Can you define a gentleman, Miss Cutting? The Suffragette (deftly)—Certainly. A gentleman was contemporaneous with the old masters, who often painted his portrait.—Exchange.

Suited His Temperament.

"Groogo is a very grouchy sort of man, isn't he?"

"Yes. Won't even ride in anything but a sulky."—Baltimore American.

Seek knowledge as if thou wert to be here forever.—Herder.

A Woman's Letter.

Hailed as "the master of feminism," Marcel Prevost endeavors to make good his right to the title by the following bit of philosophy: "Is a woman's hat meant to cover her head? Is a woman's sunshade meant to shade her from the sun? Are a woman's shoes made for walking or her bejeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts?"—Exchange.

The Heirloom.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son and in some instances highly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—Everybody's.

Thought For Others.

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward."

"I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."—Exchange.

Her Preference.

Miss Smith—Now, Madge, tell me, which would you rather be—pretty or good? Madge (promptly)—I would rather be pretty, Miss Smith; I can easily be good whenever I like to try.—Punch.

A Day Off.

Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobby? Little Bobby—No'm, not today. He's got the toothache.—Browning's Magazine.

A state is never greater than when all its superfluous hands are employed in the service of the public.—Hume.

"Which Carlyle?"

There is nothing to mark the Arch House, where Carlyle was born, in the Scottish village of Ecclefechan, from the other lowly dwellings that line the village street, and a native guide will be needed if the pilgrim desires to find his way to Carlyle's grave; hence the story of the great writer's brother, James, who was met one day in the village by a band of Americans, ignorant of his identity, they asked him the whereabouts of Carlyle's grave. "Which Carlyle?" "Oh, the great Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle." With unmoved face he gave the information asked and was rewarded with a plaintive outburst of hero worship. "We have come all the way from, America," said the spokesman of the pilgrims, "to lay this wreath on our great teacher's grave." "Ha!" rejoined James, still unmoved. "It's a gey harmless occupation!" All of which, and especially that "Which Carlyle?" goes to show how vain is the search of the man who visits Ecclefechan on the lookout for worshipers of Carlyle.—Argonaut.

The Czar's Snuffbox.

Czar Paul's snuffbox was as sacred as the imperial crown itself. No one was allowed to touch it. Kaploff wagered that he would take a pinch out of it. One morning he walked up to the table which stood near the bed on which the czar still reclined and boldly took from it the majestic snuffbox. Opening it noisily, he inserted his fingers, and, while Paul I. was watching him in stupefaction at such audacity, he sniffed up the fragrant powder with evident satisfaction.

"What are you doing there, you rogue?" exclaimed the czar excitedly.

"Having a pinch of snuff, sire. I have now been on duty for eight hours and, feeling drowsy, I thought it would keep me awake, for I would rather break the rules of etiquette than neglect my duty."

Paul burst out laughing and merely replied:

"That's right enough, my lad, but as the snuffbox is not large enough for both of us you can keep it for yourself."

Juvenile Wisdom.

From some examination papers in a Massachusetts—we repeat, Massachusetts—town:

"Capillarity is when milk rises up around the edge of the bottle and shows good measure."

"The settlers gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians for their kindness and to the Lord for fair weather. They kept up their festivities for three days, scaring all the time. A party of sixty Indian warriors came, raising their warhoops down the hill."

"Henry VIII. by his own efforts increased the population of England 40,000."

"Eskimo wore furbies and sold them for potash."

"The Imperial was the wolf who suckled Romeo and Juliet at Rome."

"Lincoln has a high forehead, which is a sign of many brains."—Everybody's.

Nelson as a Courtier.

Nelson was the hero of England even in his own time, but not apparently of the court. Samuel Rogers recounts a conversation with him which appears in the life of the poet by R. Ellis Roberts. "I heard him once during dinner," says Rogers, "utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at court that forenoon—the queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at court; they were jealous of him." But then it must be remembered that Rogers was renowned as a particularly ill-natured gossip.

The Ruling Passion.

It is related of a certain German savant, to show how strong the ruling passion is in death, that as he was dying he exclaimed in French, in which language he was deeply learned, "Je meurs" (I die). Pretty soon he opened his eyes before passing away and added: "Man kann auch sagen, Je me meurs" (One can also in French use the reflexive form of the verb "to die.") His last flicker of interest was in the word more than in the fact of death.

Disraeli's Humor.

I was introduced by particular request to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle—indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequaled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked "blunt, melancholy men." I answered that I had no doubt of it.—Letter of Benjamin Disraeli to His Sister.

An Optimist.

"Pa, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a man with 11 cents in his pocket who doesn't know sarcastic when he reads that his country's per capita wealth is $37."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Worth Trying.

"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrunk so dat de po' chile kin ha'dly walk in 'um. Wop'er how I gwan fix um?"

"Try washin' de chile. Maybe he shrink too."

A Spoiled Evening.

"Did she have a good time at the dance?"

"Not very. You see, nobody raised any fuss because her partner took more than five dances with her."—Detroit Free Press.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Prentice.

ORCHARD WORK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Over eleven hundred applications have been made to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., requesting him to accept orchards belonging to the applicants for the purpose of supervising or directing the proper management throughout the year, to show how to control pests, and manage the orchard in such a way as to produce the largest, most perfect and most profitable crop of fruit.

In response to these requests Professor Surface is sending his experts into every county of the state, arranging a systematic tour of the proffered orchards in each county, in such a way as to give the individual service requested.

The inspector, in every case, is a man who knows his business, and has had proper scientific training under Prof. Surface, as well as a very considerable practical experience in different orchards. During the past two years the demonstration orchard work in Pennsylvania has proven to be such a decided success and source of revenue for the owners, that hundreds have been forced to acknowledge the value of this work, and have, therefore, applied for the assistance of the inspector to meet their own needs.

The inspector appoints a time when he will be at a designated orchard, and is there on time regardless of weather. He looks over the premises, determines whether any serious pests, such as San Jose scale, are present, and tells the owner just what to do to each tree according to its individual needs. He talks, primarily, on the subjects of spraying and pruning, and, secondarily, on the entire subject of orchard management. He examines and tests spraying apparatus, suggests features of improvement, shows how it is to be used to secure the greatest efficiency in results, shows how to make and apply the best spraying mixtures, shows how trees should be sprayed according to their age and individual needs, and gives a written plan for the details of the spraying, cultivation and other features of care and management during the entire year.

As a result of this kind of work last season tens of thousands of barrels of first class fruits were added to Pennsylvania's production, and thousands of persons are preparing to plant more trees, with the purpose of replacing the old orchard, which in many cases has been totally destroyed by San Jose scale, or to start a commercial orchard.

The extension [illegible] more trees have been planted in Pennsylvania during the past year, and more orders are now waiting to be filled in this state than in any other state in the Union. This is evidently because of the activity of the [illegible] in educating the people to the necessity of orcharding. The results of the special [illegible] the suppression of pests and the production of fine fruits. It is certain [illegible] that Pennsylvania can [illegible] upon this knowledge of orcharding and is going [illegible] world-wide [illegible] reputation.

The orchard inspector [illegible] makes examination of the [illegible] orchards but he also holds evening meetings in connection with all or a part of these orchards, in school houses throughout the county discussing the subject of spraying, and other features of orcharding, with illustrations. Hundreds of these meetings will be held during the remainder of the winter, commencing again the latter part of January, and as they will be for one evening only, persons in the vicinity where they are held should lose no opportunity to attend them. Announcements of the exact place and time of meeting will be made by local posters and through the local press.

This week the inspectors and demonstrators are attending the great fruit growers' meeting in Harrisburg, and are receiving further instructions from their chief, Prof. Surface, in order that they can be equipped with the latest and best practical information, which they in turn, carry to all rural districts of our state. This is final and important service, of which every farmer should avail himself.

ANNOUNCEMENT PRICE LIST,

Following are our prices for political announcements in The Miner. A check for the required amount should accompany the order for all announcements to insure prompt publication:

Judge of Courts	$25.00
Member of Congress	25.00
State Senator	15.00
Member of Assembly	10.00
Sheriff	10.00
Prothonotary	10.00
Recorder of Deeds	10.00
Register of Wills	10.00
District Attorney	10.00
County Treasurer	25.00
County Commissioner	10.00
Clerk of Courts	5.00
County Auditor	5.00
Jury Commissioner	5.00

Unsolicited Tribute.

"Aunt Letty," said her little nephew from the city, "I saw a bearded lady in a dime museum once. She was a fake, but you're the real thing."

THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

Story With Two Morals From Which to Make Selection.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday, Page & Company.]

The other day a poet friend of mine, who has lived in close communion with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living, pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

"Too artificial."

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess county chianti and swallowed indignation with the slippery forkfuls.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well arrived writer of fiction, a man who had trod on asphalt all his life and who

"GOT THIS F. PAL," HE SAID CRITICALLY.

had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it "The Doe and the Brook." It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had slept with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's windows and whose sole crumb-hook of succession had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem on the next morning a hobo stumbled off the West Shore ferryboat and loped slowly up Forty-second street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging lip and hair the exact color of the little orphan's afterward discovered to be the calf's daughters in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One boot leg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear holes, its shape inaugurating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise. Description of it is an impossible task. A Boston man would not have carried his lunch and lawbooks to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay—the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the garden of Eden lingering to shame the gold brick men.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Coney "attraction" or brand of chewing gum he might be thus dining into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street cars.

At Eighth avenue stood "Bunko Harry," with his dyed mustache and shiny, good natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewelry store window, and shook his head.

"Too thick, pal," he said critically—"too thick by a couple of inches. I don't know what your lay is, but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now—why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more."

"I don't understand you, mister," said the green one. "I'm not lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster county to look at the town, bein' that the haylin's over with. Gosh, but it's a whopper! I thought Poughkeepsie was some punkins, but this here town is five times as big."

"Oh, well," said "Bunko Harry," raising his eyebrows, "I didn't mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to come down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow."

"I wouldn't mind havin' a glass of lager beer," acknowledged the other.

They went to a cafe frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes and sat at their drinks.

"I'm glad I come across you, mister," said Haylocks. "How'd you like to play a game or two of seven up? I've got the keards."

He dished them out of Noah's valise—a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the soil of cornfields.

"Bunko Harry" laughed loud and briefly.

"Not for me, sport," he said firmly. "I don't go against that makeup of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Rubes haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key winding watch with that layout."

"Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money," boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass of bills as large as a teacup and laid it on the table.

"Got that for my share of grandmother's farm," he announced. "There's $950 in that roll. Thought I'd come to the city and look around for a likely business to go into."

"Bunko Harry" took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

"I've seen worse," he said critically. "But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit and a straw hat with a colored band and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that."

"What's his line?" asked two or three shifty-eyed men of "Bunko Harry" after Haylocks had gathered up his imprisoned money and departed.

"The queer, I guess," said Harry, "or some guy with a new kraft. He's too much hayseed. Maybe that his—I wonder now—oh, no, it couldn't have been real money."

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark grocery on a side street and bought beer. Several shifter fellows fame upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened, but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

"Keep that awhile for me, mister," he said, leering at the end of a virulent chaw, "I'll be back after I have a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's $50 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me."

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a hoarse tune, and Haylocks was off for it, his coattail bottoms flapping in the middle of the open back.

"Divvy, mister," said the men lounging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

"Headst, tow," said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. "You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay—one of McAdam's salmon squad, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no pairs of the country now where they dress like that."

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he cultivated, culling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the "gags" that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible, so ultra rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural that even a shell game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow backs from the valise. The outer one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

"Son," said he, "run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed. I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up."

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

"Aw, watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money."

On a corner lounged a keen eyed steerer for a gambling house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

"Mister," said the rural one, "I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got $950 to this valise, and I come down from old Ulster to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about nine or ten dollars? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll buy out a business of some kind."

The steerer looked pained and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

"Cheese it, old man," he murmured, reproachfully. "The central office must be bughouse to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in them Tony Pastor props. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death valley has got you beat a crosstown block in the way of Elizabethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skidoo for yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol wagon on the ace."

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artificialities, Haylocks sat upon the curb and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

"It's my clothes," said he, "durned if it ain't. They think I'm a hayseed and won't have nothin' to do with me. Nobody never made fun of this hat in Ulster county. I guess if you want folks to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do."

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazaars where men spike through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At 9 o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk whom Ulster county would have forsworn. Bright tan were his shoes, his hat the latest block. His light gray trousers were deeply creased, and a gay blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking coat. His collar might have graced a laundry window. His blond hair was trimmed close. The wisp of hay was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a boulevardier concerting in his mind the route for his evening pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had passed the wisest and keenest eyes in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man with gray eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

"The juiciest jay I've seen in six months," said the man with gray eyes. "Come along."

It was 11:30 when a man galloped into the West Forty-seventh street police station with the story of his wrongs.

"Nine hundred and fifty dollars," he gasped, "all my share of grandmother's farm."

The desk sergeant wrung from him the particulars. Bullionaire of Locust Valley farm, Ulster county, and then began to take descriptions of the strong arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem he was received over the head of the office boy into the last office that is decorated with the stamettes by Robinson J. G. Brown.

"When I read the first line of 'The Doe and the Brook,'" said the editor, "I knew it to be the work of one whose life had been spent in close touch with nature. The finished art of the line did not lead me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were teeth in the gums

"THE JUICIEST JAY I'VE SEEN IN SIX MONTHS."

of fashion and walk down Broadway. Beneath the apparel the man would show."

"Thanks," said Conant. "I suppose the check will be round on Thursday, as usual."

The morals of this story have some how got mixed. You can take your choice of "Stay on the farm" or "Don't write poetry."

A Plantation Joker.

It is hoped the following will be taken for what it is worth. It is not patented and may be used by after dinner speakers, provided they will give credit to Adam's diary.

A darky in the south who was doing a little blasting just outside the house had borrowed a stick of dynamite from one of his white neighbors, promising to return it as soon as the explosion was over. So careful was he of the explosive that he put it away in the house, and when it came time to put it into operation he forgot where it was. After hunting for some time he approached one of his daughters and said:

"Say, yo' Christobel, does yo' know whar I done laid dat yar stick of gun cotton?"

"No, sah," said she, "but Dinah might."—Boston Herald.

DEATH OF J. F. MERVIN.

While Alone at His Work on an Oil Lease He Was Stricken With Heart Disease.

J. F. Mervin, a well known and highly respected citizen of McKean county and for a number of years a resident of Gillmor, where he has been identified with the oil business, was found dead in a boiler house on the Maxwell lease, in Gillmor about 10 o'clock Saturday evening. Coroner Sherman was notified.

Mr. Mervin left his home Saturday morning to go to the lease to steam out a tank of oil. He had usually finished his work and returned home by 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Saturday evening when he failed to return for supper, Mrs. Mervin became alarmed and asked Mr. Maxwell, a neighbor, to go to the lease and learn if any accident had befallen her husband. Mr. Maxwell reached the lease about 10 o'clock and there found Mr. Mervin's body. From all appearances the man had been dead for several hours. Lunch had been taken by Mr. Mervin in his dinner pail to the lease, and had been eaten, thereby indicating that the fatal seizure occurred sometime in the afternoon. The work of steaming the oil had been completed but the steam had not been turned off. The body lay near the foot of a short ladder and it is the supposition of those who found him, that Mr. Mervin had stepped upon the ladder to turn off the steam or was about to do so, when he was stricken with an attack of heart disease and expired.

The body was brought to Bradford and taken to the Koch Bros. undertaking establishment and prepared for burial.

Deceased was 53 years of age and is survived by his widow, four daughters, Mrs. Harry Jack of this city; Mrs. Lawrence of Kane; Mrs. McFadden of Philadelphia, and Miss Hazel Mervin, who lived at home in Gillmor.—Bradford Era.

Change in Schedule.

The P. S. & N. R. R. announces a new schedule which will go into effect Sunday, January 22nd.

For further particulars apply to P. S. & N. agents or address the undersigned.

JOS. T. ODELL,
Jan.20-4t General Passenger Agent.

Some men boast of what they have done; some men brood over what they intend to do; some men devote all their own efforts and some men expect to succeed by summer breezes when there are no other men.

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HAND LAUNDRY

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Work Finished on Third Day

Under Heath's Barber Shop

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Ice Cream and Soda Water.

Served the year round

All Kinds of Fruits and Candies at

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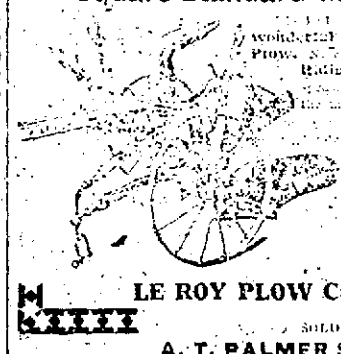
Square Standard Means square Deal.



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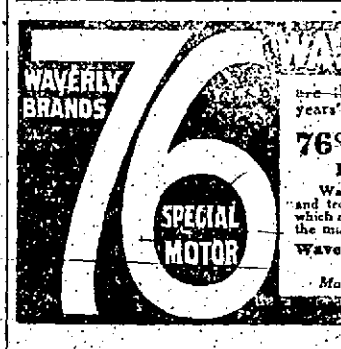

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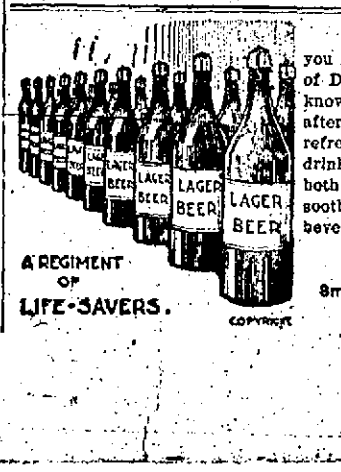

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you will have when you have a case of Dotterweich beer. You will never know how you got along without it after once using this invigorating and refreshing beverage. It is food and drink to the weak and nervous, and is both a delicious drink and a nerve soother. For home and as a table beverage it is unequalled.

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